NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS NME

"where's my morrissey?"

GLASTONBURY 92

YOUR 12-PAGE SOUVENIR OF ROCK'S TOP WEEKEND ● CARTER ROUGH IT IN, ERM, MILAN ● GUIDE TO ALL THE BANDS ● THE LOWDOWN ON CRUSTY ● BRAGG, CUD, HOUSE OF LOVE, FRANK & WALTERS IN FESTIVAL HELL ● TELEVISION RETURN ● ALAN PARKER, RURAL WARRIOR ● AND THE LOCALS SAY "GET ORF MOI LAAND . . ."

GLASTONBURY 92

CYCLOID THE HUMAN

NME's GLASTONBURY TOR GUIDE

How many bands are there playing at Glastonbury? Loads! And how many comedians, jugglers, face-painters and strangoes? Many and various! But it's not too much for the festival-goer to cope with, thanks to this useful guide to who's who and where they are . . . Come with us now, readers, as TERRY STAUNTON and DAVID QUANTICK voyage into the morass of joy that is *NME*'s very own exclusive GLASTONBURY ROUND-UP. All life is here, from LOU REED to OZRIC TENTACLES, and our tip for the top (maybe!) in the year 2292 – CYCLOID THE HUMAN GYROSCOPE! Yes, it's a veritable feast of talent and – just in case you've forgotten who TH' FAITH HEALERS, RDF or THOUSAND YARD STARE are – we're here to remind you. Read, inwardly digest and PARTAY in a large, relatively green, enclosed meadow-style space stylee!

PICTURE: PETER WALSH

The superhuman beings Innes and Throbert will be manifesting themselves besides King Bobby as Primal Scream headline the NME stage. Top epiphany in the area

NME STAGE

PRIMAL SCREAM
HE USED to be a flowery guitar popper. Then he was a psychedelic biker. Along the way he was the drummer in The Jesus And Mary Chain. Then Bobby Gillespie (for it is he) discovered dance culture, got Andy Weatherall in to remix 'Loaded' and the rest is history. Since 'Screamadelica', Primal Scream have been *the* British post-modern sex dance psychedelic Rolling Stones/Sly Stone rock band. Live they are an epiphany, whatever an epiphany is, so don't go for that veggieburger when Bob and his merry clan are onstage.

NED'S ATOMIC DUSTBIN
WHAT IS it about Stourbridge? Why does that sleepy midlands hamlet only produce rat-tail-haired masters of invective and noise? Whatever the reason, its latest and sexiest rock gods are the Neds – two bass guitars and some absurd haircuts combining to make a whirring noise of unrepentant hell party rock fun. Named after an episode of *The Goon Show*, Ned's Atomic Dustbin should have been *in* the flaming *Goon Show*.

LUSH
WHAT ARE all those funny squiggles on the sleeves of Lush records? Why are they the undisputed kings and queens of the phased and swirling EP? No-one knows except for the mighty Lush themselves, who can move from their own woozy material to covers of Wire and Dennis Wilson songs like quadruple masters of pop disguise. LUSH FACT: Singer Miki Berenyi is brilliant at swearing.

OZRIC TENTACLES
'ERPSONGS', 'TANTRIC Obstacles', 'Sploosh', 'Live Underslunky' . . . Ozric Tentacles will always have a place in the annals of rock history, if only for the extraordinary titles of their records. Live, they are a kaleidoscope of ethereal uplifting joy, according to their record label, and bloody weird fun, according to their fans. You can dance to them, too, but you'll have to have a lie-down after. OZRICS FACT: Their biggest fan is Giles Duffy, guitarist with Thousand Yard Stare.

808 STATE
"MAKE SOME fooken noise!" is their apt catchphrase. 808 State are geniuses of the dancefloor and can be profitably listened to in the comfort of your own home too. The band, who like the letter 'K' a lot ('Cubik, 'Olympik', etc) were the highlight of last year's Cities In The Park and will be raving up the yoof (or something) in the style that has made them loved by trillions. 808 STATE FACT: At least one local paper has reviewed them under the somewhat inaccurate moniker of "Bob State".

JAH WOBBLE
HE WAS in PiL. He was the first person to realise that avant-garde post-punk rock could best be enlivened by having a bass player who could go "DOOM DUNGER DUNGER DOOM" very loudly. Jah Wobble – most recently fêted for the ace Eastern weird single, 'Visions Of You' (with Queen Sinead on vocals), is a master of international pop dance collusion and one day the universe will be eaten by his bass guitar.

SPIRITUALIZED
QUITE WHAT a lazer-guided melody is, no-one knows, but a more apt name for a Spiritualized record there cannot be. Spiritualized bestride the world of plangent droning boogie like a triple colossus. There may not be a lot of dancing (unless you have tarried awhile at the scrumpy bar) but Jason Pierce and his harmolodic crew are kings of strange.

PJ HARVEY
STRAIGHT OUTTA Yeovil (making it easy for them to go home and see their mums and dads after Glastonbury), PJ Harvey are total intensity time inna post-Patti Smith stylee. Even on the strength of one LP, the awesome 'Dry', Polly Harvey and her brutal rhythm gang are probably going to be the most excellent and famous band in the world. In about a month's time.

THOUSAND YARD STARE
THEY DON'T like Richard Briers. They think The Lilac Time are great. Some of them come from Slough and some of them come from the village of Iver. Thousand Yard Stare are thoughtful lads with huge guitars – and when we say huge guitars, we mean HUGE guitars. With their crashing riffs and major driving songs, TYS bring big fun to all. THOUSAND YARD STARE FACT: Giles Duffy – the one who likes Ozric Tentacles – is also (gulp) a big Cardiacs fan.

THE FRANK & WALTERS
IRELAND'S FINEST, a trio who know not fear and do an ace version of Tone Loc's 'Funky Cold Medina', The Frank & Walters are quite remarkable. Their propensity for between-song banter rarely encompasses such mundane concepts as sense and logic, their songs are spiralling essays in peculiarity and they obviously make their own trousers. FRANK & WALTERS FACT: There is a large German company called Frank & Walters. The band claim never to have heard of them. Ho Ho!

CATHERINE WHEEL
SHOE-GAZERS? Not! For Catherine Wheel are shiny guitar giants of the future who have a dog on their T-shirt and a song about space stations. Live they are steel beasts of love, and – undeterred by similar efforts from David Byrne and Big Country – do a great version of Neil Young's 'Rocking In The Free World'. Footwear examination absence situation ahoy!

KITCHENS OF DISTINCTION
IN PERSON, the Kitchens are mild-mannered Clark Kents of muted affability. In their musical setting, they are feedback angels of soaring harmony and rage. Kitchens Of Distinction – who began their career covering the greatest post-modern metal angst song of all time, Joy Division's 'Dead Souls' – are themselves great post-modern metal angst merchants. See them and weep, dudes!

BLUR
FROM SCRUFFY urchins who used to hang around Food Records making tea for the label boss, to worldwide pin-ups and purveyors of joyful pop cuteness, it's been a short, strange trip for Blur. Recently returned from conquering America, this will be Blur's first UK show of the year and a chance for us all to hear new material to be recorded in the late summer. BLUR FACT: They used to be called Seymour.

RDF
RADICAL DANCE Faction is their far-from-unwieldy *real* name. They're from Reading, home of the big railway station. Who knows that the incessant rhythms of British Rail's South-East Region have not informed RDF's mighty dance sounds? Check them out as they rattle through 'Wasteland' and the mighty 'Landing Party'. The one who does the talking is Chris Bowsher and the one who sings along beside him is called Linda Goodman. Politics, dub, and dance . . . not bad for a weekend afternoon in a big field.

CURVE
A WALL of guitars and a wail of Toni Halliday, Curve have cornered the market in ambient angst-ridden tortured artist pop noise assassin chic, and their 'Doppelganger' album caressed our ears while twisting a knife in our hearts. Big – meaning bloody massive – on the American college circuit, the *NME* stage will be all a-tremble when the goths it's OK to groove to do their thang.

THE SHAMEN
PERHAPS THE most successful crossover from the guitar school to the clubs, The Shamen have been the most silent of beasts since last year's epic 'Move Any Mountain' single. There's a new one on the way, we're told, and it will be interesting to see how they've regrouped since the tragic death of Will Sinnott. Prepare yourselves for dancing in the fields.

THE REAL PEOPLE
SOME OF The Real People used to be grave-diggers. Deciding against this as a career, founder member and singer Tony Griffiths opted to choose between music or football. "We're shit at football," muses Tony now, "so we opted for music." Since then Liverpool poppers The Real People have been rocking like happy spacemen. RATHER ODD REAL PEOPLE FACT: They once released a single called 'Window Pane'.

GARY CLAIL
A PRIME mover in the much-respected Tackhead collective, Gary cut his teeth by rapping over records in blues clubs in his native Bristol. Mr Clail, perpetrator of the very wonderful 'Human Nature' single, has become a perennial festival favourite and will no doubt garner a huge following at Glastonbury, very nearly his "home turf".

THE ORB
ALEX PATTERSON – he's mad! Dub, club, Ambient House, he's had a bash at 'em all and usually with immense success. He's very much part of the floating peripheral Primal Scream entourage and The Orb are the proud possessors of what is believed to be the longest single ever released, 'The Blue Room', which clocks in at a phenomenal 39 minutes and 58 seconds. ORB FACT: The recent Peel session recording of 'No Fun' has become the programme's most requested song so far this year.

THE STAIRS
THE ONLY other band from Liverpool apart from The La's who say "la" in conversation, The Stairs are the supercharged sound of British beat and American R&B in a mono vibe. Live, original numbers like 'Weed Bus' and their inspired cover of 'I Can Only Give You Everything' create a storm of power fun much like that bit in *Blow Up* with The Yardbirds, where Jeff Beck smashes his guitar.

FLOWERED UP
CAMDEN COUNCIL estate ne'er-do-wells make good with their Artful-Dodger-meets-Bez-on-his-holidays baggy dance. They've had a quiet 1992, save for the curious 'Weekendah' single and its accompanying short film, which won them friends the world over. FLOWERED UP FACT: Heritage minister David Mellor is a huge fan. Mind you, he also supports Chelsea, so what does he know?

THE FAMILY CAT
TIM, FRED, Kev, Jelbert and Big John are five crazy guys who make heavyweight guitar rock with fluffy white melodies and a rich seam of humour. After a stuttery start, they have come of age with the awesome 'Steamroller' single and the terrifyingly loud 'Furthest From The Sun' album. Big John says a gig's only good if it makes your ears bleed, so take some cotton wool and TCP with you.

GYROSCOPE...PLUS SUPPORT

MIDWAY STILL
THERE'S AN old saying in rock 'n' roll that you can't trust a band who used to have goatee beards. Well, that's old rock 'n' roll sayings for you, because Midway Still are rock monsters *in excelsis*. Their ambition is to be "The Byrds meeting Metallica in a South London garage", which beats working with children, and they do a great version of My Bloody Valentine's 'You Made Me Realise'. MIDWAY STILL FACT: Their logo used to be so crap that we held a competition to find them a new one. That's honesty for you.

THE SANDKINGS
BORN IN Fresno, California, the son of a Red Indian mother and a Sikh father, it was perhaps inevitable that Jaz Mann would end up as the lead singer of a Wolverhampton-based guitar pop outfit. An early flourish with singles like 'Hope Springs Eternal' and 'All's Well With The World' was followed by a fallow period, but with a London Records album on the way, signs are that The Sandkings are back on top form.

TH' FAITH HEALERS
THE LURCH lives on! Th' Faith Healers were very much at the forefront of the so-called Camden Lurch movement of a couple of years back, but have survived the pigeon-holing of the press and risen to dizzy heights with their charming 'Lido' album, out now on Too Pure. HEALERS FACT: Drummer Joe Dilworth is an accomplished photographer who recently staged an exhibition of shots from his travels in Eastern Europe.

THE BELLTOWER
THE TWIN guitar attack of Jody Porter and Britta Phillips, combined with their Dollaresque harmonies, make The Belltower a passion-fuelled frantically groovesome pop thing for whom world domination is but a hop, skip and a jump away. The latest single, 'Flight', is a swirling anthem to Jody's aviation neuroses and the soon-come debut album is the sound of many a guitar on a psychiatrist's couch. BELLTOWER FACT: Their favourite vegetable is broccoli.

DODGY
PROG ROCK pop historians and owners of the best hats in the music business, Dodgy are a three-piece louder than Julian Clary's front room furniture. When not honing their trembling pop masterpieces, Dodgy are most at home protesting against the poll tax, collecting parking tickets and schmoozing their way into every industry party imaginable. DODGY FACT: They celebrate especially good gigs by eating sponge cakes. Phew, rock 'n' roll.

STRANGELOVE
HAVING SPENT the last year playing notable support slots to the likes of the Buzzcocks and PJ Harvey, Strangelove are set to release their debut single on the new Sermon label later this summer. Featuring ex-members of The Blue Aeroplanes, their Black & Decker power-tool guitar pop has won them many friends across the British Isles. STRANGELOVE FACT: None of the band has ever seen the film *Dr Strangelove*.

PYRAMID STAGE

VAN MORRISON
THE ONLY singer in the world who can make the humble herring sound poetic, Van Morrison is the undisputed king of Celtic rock and mystic soul. VAN FACT: Van Morrison went to every Tom Jones concert in the UK last year – and timed them all with a stopwatch – before deciding to write for the Welsh wanger wizard. His live appearances are invariably cosmic storms of poetic pop; every song a classic and, if we are very lucky, Van will do the one about Max Wall.

RICHARD THOMPSON
BRITISH FOLK music's most endearing character and still its finest exponent, Richard Thompson is a uniquely *English* storyteller and one of the best guitarists in the world. A folk mainstay for more than 25 years, it may come as a surprise to learn that last year's 'Rumour And Sigh' was actually his biggest-selling album ever. Expect ribald tales of social misfits, wicked women and classic British motorbikes.

THE FALL
LIKE THE Tower Of London without the ravens, British popular music would surely crumble in the dust if The Fall should ever leave us. As mad and impenetrable as ever, the 'Code Selfish' album taught us that (a) The Fall have lost none of their bite with age, (b) major labels do get it right sometimes, and (c) Mark Smith still hasn't learnt to sing. FALL FACT: Six-packs of Cadbury's Creme Eggs were given out with promotional copies of the single 'Free Range', much to Mr Smith's annoyance.

THE SAW DOCTORS
'IF THIS Is Rock 'n' Roll', quips the title of The Saw Doctors' debut LP, 'I Want My Old Job Back'. They are, of course, engaging in the recounting of pork pies, for The Saw Doctors are the most successful rock band in Ireland ever whose singer is not called Bono. Their Country-fuelled anthems remind older listeners of The Undertones on cowpunk juice. SAW DOCTORS FACT: Their debut single 'I Usedta Love Her' is one of the few hit records to contain the line *"the glory of her ass"* in a non-donkey-praising context.

YOUSSOU N'DOUR
DESPITE BEING one of the most admired and eloquent voices in modern African music, Youssou N'Dour is probably still best known for his famous friends. Peter Gabriel introduced him to a wider stage back in the mid-'80s, while the latest N'Dour album, 'Eyes Open', appears on the new label owned by film director Spike Lee, 40 Acres And A Mule Musicworks. He's also done Amnesty tours with Sting, Bruce Springsteen and Tracy Chapman, and his name is constantly linked with crap Arthur Daley jokes about 'Er Indoors.

JOAN ARMATRADING
FROM THEM old days when your gran used to put on 'Love And Affection' before she went down the pit, to recent years when Tracy Chapman has looked at Joan, learned and inwardly digested, Joan Armatrading has always been a fine singing song-writing type. With better tunes and louder guitars than some of her descendants, and all.

TELEVISION
THEY'RE BACK! Tom Verlaine (not his real name, poetry fans) founded New York's artiest art punks – artier even than Talking Heads – with Richard Hell in 1975, made two classic guitar albums ('Marquee Moon' and 'Adventure'), had a strange solo career and now returns with Television to the adulation of every band on Creation. TELEVISION FACT: Lloyd Cole used to do quite a cute version of their 'Glory', but now he does The Pet Shop Boys' 'Being Boring' instead. What can it all mean?

LOU REED
IT'S BEEN poetry and pain all the way for Lou in recent years, following the rather sombre material of 'Magic And Loss' and 'Songs For Drella'. For Glastonbury, however, Lou is likely to lighten up (well, maybe just a bit) and give us a bit of a greatest hits show to send us off to our tents on Saturday night with a smile in our hearts – *not!* LOU FACT: Mr Reed's tour luggage includes twice as many pairs of glasses as it does guitars.

BILLY BRAGG
STRONG AND warm and wild and free, a weekend in Somerset just wouldn't be the same without Billy Bragg. On the back of his best album yet, 'Don't Try This At Home', this will be Bill's first Glastonbury appearance with a 'proper' band and a decent haircut. BILL FACT: He is currently rehearsing some Woody Guthrie songs with The Disposable Heroes Of Hiphoprisy for an American festival appearance later in the summer.

PICTURE: TIM JARVIS

Driving them Senseless as ever: the sultans of Thing

THE HUGH CORNWELL TRIO
THOSE OF you unfurling the bondage kecks and ordering the strippograms must take heed – the Hugh Cornwell of the 1990s is no longer the punk rocking monster of yore. These days his thoughtful muse walks hand in hand with half of total top '60s pop writers Cook & Greenaway (no, not Roger Cook and Peter Greenaway).

THE BREEDERS
INITIALLY A 4AD spin-off hobby band, The Breeders have developed into a force to be reckoned with. Formed three years ago by Kim Deal of the Pixies and Tanya Donelly of Throwing Muses, their lilting garage pop has earned them many friends on both sides of the Atlantic. Tanya has since moved on to form another band, Belly, but Kim still cuts the mustard with relish.

THE LEVELLERS
ARE THEY the uncrowned Kings Of Crust? Decide for yourself, those of you as yet unmoved by the thumping acousticery of '15 Years'. The New Model Army you can sing along to, The Levellers are the pounding voices of a thousand Commer vans full of Chumbawamba fans on happy apple juice – and perhaps more . . .

SHAKESPEAR'S SISTER
SIOBHAN AND Marcie were at Number One for a million years with 'Stay', but indie laddoes need not fret – Shakespear's Sister are like nothing else on Earth, sounding and looking roughly like Morrissey and the cast of *Whatever Happened To Baby Jane?* going muesli-barmy on old Cockney Rebel riffs, T-Rex B-sides and horror movies.

CHRIS WHITLEY
THE STEEL-guitar king of rock plays his first proper UK festival, rocking out with the bluesy sound of his 'Living With The Law' LP, produced by (whom else?) Delta cajun swing rock king Daniel Lanois. CHRIS WHITLEY FACT: Chris used to live in a log cabin. Authentic or what?

RUNRIG
THEY ARE the biggest band in Scotland – ever. They play rock mixed with yer Celtic stuff. There are six of them. Their first LP was called 'Play Gaelic' and all the other ones could easily be called that, too. But they're not. Their last LP entered the national charts at Number Four and the next one will probably do even better. RUNRIG FACT: They were the first band ever to play a sell-out concert at a loch.

CARTER USM
ALL HAIL the conquering heroes! Jim Bob (aka Anthony Newley in tramp's togs) and Fruitbat (aka the grinning one with the guitar) return to Glasto as chart-topping cherubs. From the bus stops of Brixton to the pinnacle of the Pyramid stage, it's been a fun-packed, frantic hitch for Carter, making enemies (Jagger & Richards) and friends (everybody else) along the way. Get on your mate's shoulders, wave your arms and turn Glastonbury into a field of impossible dreams.

THE BLUE AEROPLANES
GLASTONBURY COULD be considered a back garden gig for Bristol's very own magnificent seven, and it's a chance for the rest of us to hear stuff from the new album for the first time. A poet, a dancer, three guitarists and a lot of noise, The Blue Aeroplanes offer a heady brew of swamp pop, jangly blues and artpunk with attitude. AEROPLANES FACT: Guitarist Rodney Allen once busked at every Circle Line underground station in one day.

THE HOUSE OF LOVE
OUR SPIES in The House Of Love camp say that the forthcoming album 'The Babe Rainbow' is a bit of a stunner, and recent live shows suggest that Guy Chadwick and chums are pretty hot property. The group's ET-resembling figurehead has been flaunting his roots of late, with B-side cover versions of Cream and George Harrison songs, but the best is yet to come – a heartfelt rendition of George McCrae's disco classic 'Rock Your Baby' for *NME*'s 'Ruby Trax' charity album.

THE SENSELESS THINGS
A SONG in their hearts, a smile on their collective face, but nary a comb between the four of them. These are The Senseless Things, eclectic and epileptic guitar pop *par excellence*, which has found its rightful place in the Top 40 of late. 'The First Of Too Many' is their latest album, and let's hope it's just the latest of many more. SENSELESS FACT: They recently spent a weekend recording in Prince's Paisley Park studios.

KIRSTY MacCOLL
DAUGHTER OF folkie Ewan, wife of producer Steve Lillywhite but, most of all, a fine pop craftswoman and gifted tunesmith. Recent live shows have been a hoot, and watch out for her Clash cover 'Train In Vain', plus whistleable pop charmers aplenty. KIRSTY FACT: Teaming up with The Pogues, Happy Mondays, The Wonder Stuff and Billy Bragg, Miss MacColl has actually made more *Top Of The Pops* appearances than Madonna in the last five years.

OCEAN COLOUR SCENE
THE SOUND of young Solihull, Ocean Colour Scene grew from the ashes of some profoundly forgettable mid-'80s Brum pop acts to deliver some blissfully melodic guitar-dance-rock-type-stuff, not least the singles 'Sway' and 'Yesterday Today'. Still to dent the charts in a big way, but no doubt diamond-encrusted fame is just around the corner. OCEAN FACT: Bassist Damon Minchella used to be a studio audience usher at BBC's Pebble Mill.

THE FALL ed's babe E.P.

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GLASTONBURY 92

THE STARS SHARE THEIR FESTIVAL EXPERIENCES WITH ROGER MORTON

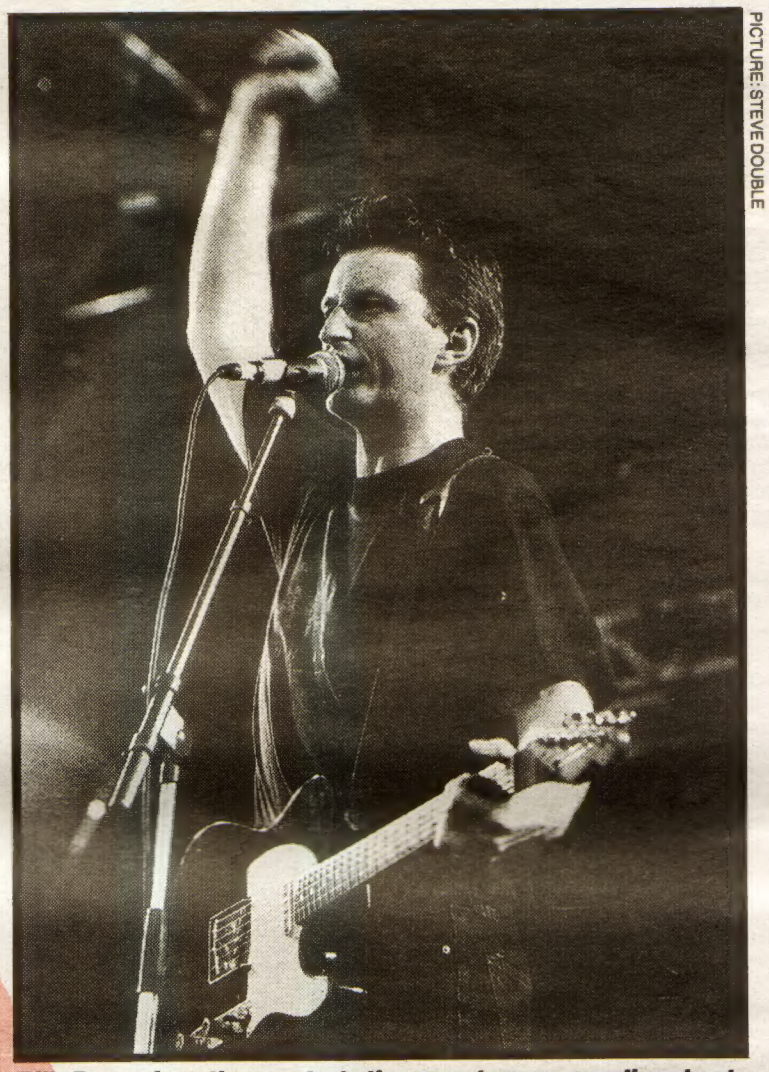
Tents and mud and rock 'n' roll. And piss and harmony in the air. Come rain or slime, the Glastonbury experience can be relied upon to leave you unwashed and slightly amazed. It's a peacenik war zone where they forgot to invite the other side, but the casualties turned up anyway.

You know that feeling. Two minutes' sleep because you accidentally pitched your tent next to the Solstice Freakster Bassheads' all night rave posse, and your macro-weed astro-burger supper disagreed with you. A dog runs off with one of your shoes. Gandalf the one-eyed juggler from Uttoxeter leads you off on a wild goose chase to see the non-existent rainbow in the corner of the Green Field. You've lost everyone you came with, met up with several long-lost friends you never set eyes on before, bought a lump of moss that someone convinced you was 'good shit, man', been poked in the eye by the wax candle-seller and squinted at at least one band before you fell off Gandalf's shoulders and lost consciousness. You're having a beautiful time. But how does it feel for the bands?

It's not all quaffing and preening on the other side of the great punter-performer divide. Mostly quaffing and preening, admittedly, but there's fear and festo-phobia going on behind the great pyramid too. Imagine the traumas that playing Glasto puts a band through. Chauffeured through the traffic-clogged lanes in high security death coaches, there's always the possibility that they might get within three feet of a dreaded real-life mud-urchin.

Then there's the backstage drunken ego competition, where all those acerbic pop tongues get to meet the fellow professionals they've been slagging off for a year, and try to pass off that jealous drunk-assault on the headline acts' bodyguard as sunstroke exacerbated by a bee sting. Scariest of all, though, is the moment when they're prodded out on stage into the fault-exposing daylight, without the usual two-hour soundcheck, in front of an army of other people's fans and expert piss-bottle lobbers.

What is the festival experience really like for the day's musical labourers? Why do they do it? And have they ever experienced the delights of being on the other end of the queue for the Porta-loos? The *NME* rips the backstage passes off five of this year's "Hello Glastonbury! How ya' doing?" boys, and refuses to give them back until they tell us how it is for them.



PICTURE: STEVE DOUBLE

Billy Bragg: from the scouts, to the army, to more crawling about in the mud and being humiliated

BILLY BRAGG

FESTIVAL CREDENTIALS: Excellent. Early experience on manoeuvres with Her Majesty's Forces and years of gate-crashing outdoor benefits make Billy a kind of Mountain Man of the open-air event. Knows one end of a rucksack from the other and is equipped with many jovial campfire rambles on convoy life versus Sunday soccer life and reconciling dialectical materialism with stout footwear.

Why Glastonbury?

"For me it's one of those concerts where you get to see loads of bands you haven't managed to see for ages, and secondly it's a really good break. It's not like Reading, where you walk from the railway station through the town and there you are at the camp site. With Glastonbury there's a certain amount of being cut off, miles from anywhere, and it's a bit of a communal experience. If it pisses with rain it's a communal experience, if it's sunny it's a communal experience, and if you take loads of drugs and get out of your brain it's a communal experience as well."

Is that a common occurrence for you at festivals?

"No, not really, but there are always those moments where you're either up with the crack of dawn or you haven't been to bed at all and some kind of outside stimulus is required."

Was going to festivals a regular part of your youth?

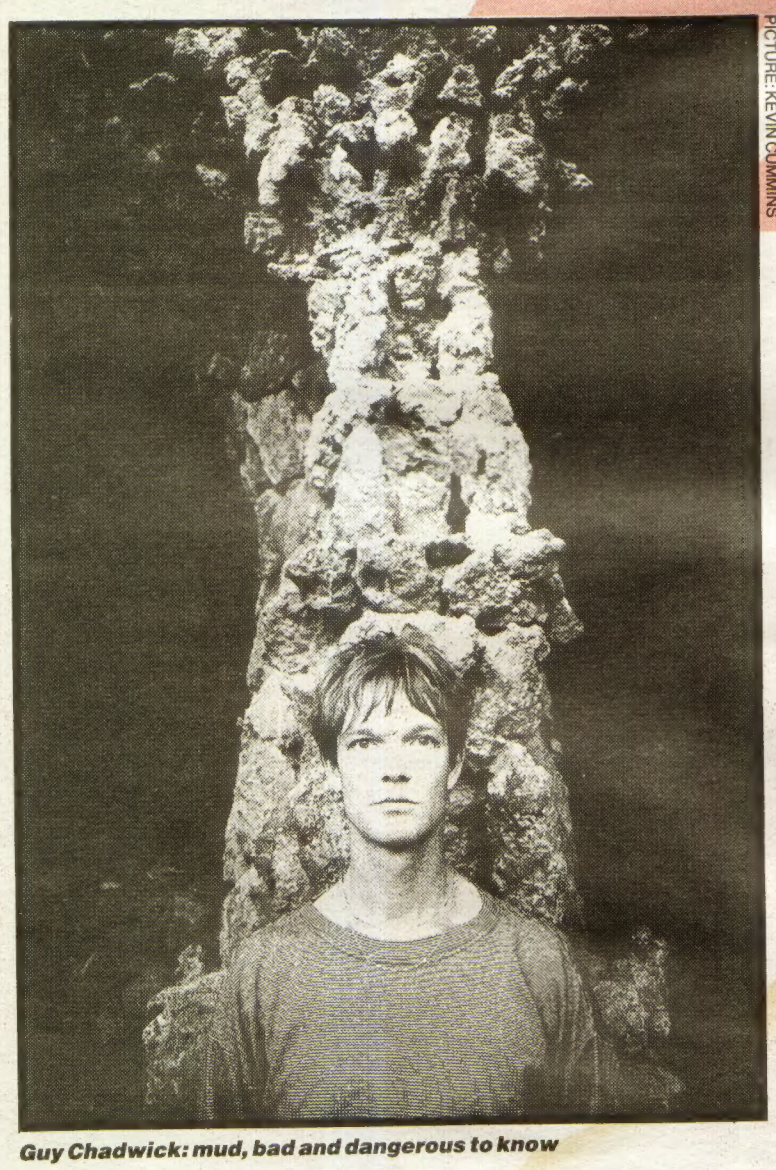
"Oh yeah. Definitely. In fact it was almost like going to a boy scout camp, only you didn't have Akela to look after you. Probably the biggest one we ever did was Knebworth in '75, I think, which was The Rolling Stones. We slept out at Knebworth but we didn't have a tent. We were a bit tougher than that. There was me and about four other people, including Wiggy, and we went out and bought one of those big plastic sheets of industrial thickness polyurethane which they use to make those fish ponds, where you dig a hole and line it with a sheet. We figured we could sleep under it with just our heads poking out. We practised in Wiggy's back garden one night, which got some strange attention from the neighbours, but we worked out that it was feasible. We didn't die or freeze or anything, and we didn't sleep either, but that wasn't the point."

Do you relish the opportunity to mix with your fellow performers?

"I always find it a good opportunity to sit and have a chat with them. Not all of them are approachable. Some of them bring an entire production to the backstage area and you can't walk where you want to walk. There was one artist, who shall remain nameless, where we had to move out of the way while he walked to the stage, which I thought was really over the top."

Elvis Costello perhaps?

"It was Elvis. I thought it was really out of order, because he wasn't even going to walk anywhere near us. I mean, fair enough, we were playing football against the side of his caravan and keeping him awake. No, but if you're going to go backstage you should drop all that shit and just get on with it."



PICTURE: KEVIN CUMMINS

Guy Chadwick: mud, bad and dangerous to know

GUY CHADWICK (THE HOUSE OF LOVE)

FESTIVAL CREDENTIALS: Well-versed in playing in a field in front of demented hordes thanks to a year spent on the Euro enorma-fest circuit. Known to be capable of entering into the spirit of things thanks to a particularly sociable Reading Festival when The House Of Love played in 1989.

"Outdoor gigs are our favourite sort of gig really, by a long shot. It's just incredible to play at night in front of 40,000 people. And they're brilliant, because there's not so much pressure, and it's less claustrophobic for audiences. Generally speaking, the vibe it produces is actually really good. It's a brilliant challenge, though. You go on and you don't have a soundcheck, you get a kind of line check, which is about five minutes with headphones, and then you're on, and you either cut it or you don't. We're on during the day at Glastonbury, so the visual thing's very difficult. And I've never personally been one to do scissor-kicks. But we've got something planned, this visual thing we did in Europe a couple of times. I can't tell you the idea though, 'cos people have started nicking it."

Were you ever a festival-goer?

"No. The only open-air gigs I'd seen until we did them were U2 at Milton Keynes, David Bowie at Milton Keynes, and I saw The Cure the year before last at Crystal Palace."

So you didn't experience the full tents and mud and acid-tripping bit?

"No, no. I do now, though! We're a very social band. We usually have drinking competitions. We did this festival in Belgium with an amazing bill. There was Nirvana, Sonic Youth, The Pogues, Dinosaur Jr, and we were the only band that got banned from the hotel 'cos we were so paralytic. All the other bands went to bed really early. We couldn't believe it."

Which festivals would you like to have been at?

"Well, I've seen film of the Monterey one with Hendrix and The Who and The Mamas And The Papas. But the thing is, when you go to America, you meet a lot of promotions guys and DJs who've been in the business for 30 years and the first thing I always say is 'did you ever see The Velvet Underground, and did you see The Doors,' and from all the people you speak to about famous festivals the general consensus is that no-one can really remember what things like Woodstock were like 'cos there were so many drugs, and it was boring and the sound was never very good. The one band I would like to see though, who I've never seen, is Pink Floyd. I think they are *the* stadium band, really."

Do you think you could put up a tent in the dark after seven cans of cider, two spliffs and a tab of acid?

"Yeah. I just don't know what it would look like. I doubt if it would have a practical purpose."

PICTURE: RUSSELL UNDERWOOD

Niall F&W: just plain mad

NIALL LINEHAN (THE FRANK & WALTERS)

FESTIVAL CREDENTIALS: Newcomers to the giant stage experience, but they have extensive camping experience from holidays in Galway. Likely to have a good rapport with Glastonbury's more fervent indulgers on account of being mad as fish.

What's the attraction of Glastonbury?

"I suppose it's just a great festival. It seems like a happening event. And we want to meet Leo Sayer, like."

Erm . . . Is he on the bill?

"No. But we're inviting him along, like. We just did our first festival in Finsbury Park with The Cult recently, and that was a laugh. We got totally blown away by that, because we've always been seeing them from the other side, and when I was up there, it was like I was in some sort of balloon, like, bouncing around the place. The strange thing is that you could actually see everyone in the whole place, including all the bastards at the back that weren't dancing, and it's like you're taking a photograph of them in your memory so you can get 'em in a few years. Send the hit men round, like."

Did you go to festivals in Ireland?

"Yeah, in Cork there was a big huge park, a Gaelic football ground, and the likes of Prince and U2 all came there and the first time I ever saw a band was Leo Sayer at a festival there. This is 1985, like, and he had like a punk rock-style haircut. I remember seeing his record and it was like Cliff Richard sort of stuff, but at the gig he was like really going for it. I can't remember much about it, though, 'cos it was the first time I ever got pissed, like. I drank a load of Harp and got sick. So that was a terrible experience. I'll be staying away from the Harp at Glastonbury. Harp's deadly."

How would you run your own festival?

"I'd hold it on the moon, and the admission would be free, like. And I'd get all the audience to play and the bands to watch them. And it'd be nice to bring in the animal side to watch. Cats and dogs and stuff. Build it up as a big cats and dogs festival. Bring the whole aspect into it. Because I think that's something missing from a lot of festivals – birds and goldfish."

Are you a good camper?

"Actually, I don't know about putting a tent up, but I know I can knock one down. We were up in Galway a few years ago and we put up a tent and got well pissed afterwards, and at the end of the night I decided I'd go for a spin in the car, 'cause we were in this big field, and I just went straight through the tent. I wrecked like tape recorders, sleeping bags and cookers. And got banned from ever going on these trips again. That's why I'm here and the other two boys are in Ireland. I can't travel with them anymore. They don't forgive, like.

"The thing is, a lot of people forget about their tents at Glastonbury because they're so blown away by the

MOVE FOR YOU?

whole experience, and someone has to get rid of them. We want to start our own tent factory with all these orphaned tents. We want to look after them, like, and bring them to a good family who'll put 'em in the back garden and feed 'em and water 'em and stuff. Because tents are people too, you know."

ROB NEWMAN

FESTIVAL CREDENTIALS: Ideal. Born in the village next to Knebworth. Has made previous visits to Glastonbury of his own volition. Recent experience of selling out the Hammersmith Odeon with Mary Whitehouse Experience partner Dave Baddiel should make his two nights in the comedy tent a walk over, assuming there aren't too many Ride fans around getting upset by his Mark Gardener piss-take.

Why are you doing Glasto?

"It's cheaper than buying a ticket. And I'm quite interested in this sort of gathering, because sometimes you can sense something in the air."

Smoke, perhaps?

"Well yeah, but some sort of a vibe. Not exactly social change, but a spirit of the time, or something. For me, though, the size of the audience isn't so important, because the comedy tent will be smaller than the tour we just did, so it'll be a bit more intimate, which means if it goes badly it won't be so easy to go and cry quietly in a hedge with no-one watching."

Do you think rock festivals are a good idea?

"I think so, because you suddenly see that society could be completely different, it could be built on completely different lines, and it's quite a profound experience being in a totally altered social structure, which is a little society for three days."

Is there an anarcho-hippy element to your comedy?

"Yeah. I'll be doing a white tie and tux version of New Model Army's 'No Rest For The Wicked'."

Are you a Levellers fan?

"No I'm not, but a lot of my fans are. As I float around the stage in a glammy sort of a way I'm appalled to see row upon row of Levellers T-shirts."

Did you grow up going to festivals?

"Well, because I grew up in the village next to Knebworth and I worked at the weekend for the farmer who cut the field, when I was 13 I was backstage when Led Zeppelin were on. But I was into punk then, so I was sort of sneering at them, wearing some home-made punk clothes that were terribly embarrassing. And I tried to give a poem to John Cooper Clarke.

PICTURE: AJ BARRATT

No rest for the wicked: laugh-a-minute Rob Newman

So it was all terribly sad."

What's your experience of Glastonbury?

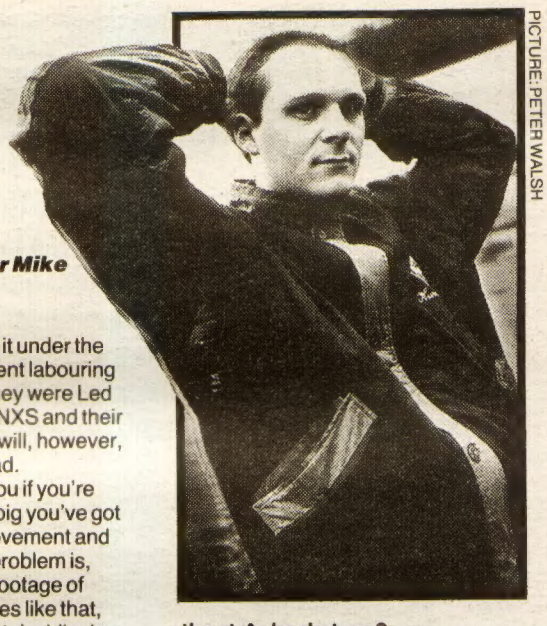
"I got food poisoning. I remember I sat and had tea with this Russian woman and she was really pretty, and she was a big fan of Tolstoy. I was thinking 'Thank you God, this is what I've wanted for a long time, a Russian girl who's into Tolstoy'. But I lost her phone number. I gave her a lift home and I had to keep stopping the car to throw up, so I think in terms of projecting an image of being Mr Suave, that was scuppered by the Glastonbury egg roll that I had on the last day."

Are there any bands on the bill that are particularly rich comedy material?

"Well, I'm sort of writing a novel at the moment, and one reason is that you suddenly become aware of your limitations as a comedian. I will never be as funny as Bobby Gillespie. He's just physically funny in the way that Freddie Starr is, or Jacques Tati. When he dances, particularly if he's surrounded by incredibly graceful black women dancing beautifully, and the guitarist's quite graceful, but Bobby's just, sort of Norman Wisdom. A lot of comedians watch Primal Scream videos with hang-dog expressions. They're thinking, 'Nothing I ever write will be on a par with it.' Particularly in the video for 'Movin' On Up' where he does this kind of aerobic thing where he jumps up and claps his hands above his head, and it's just . . . hilarious."

MIKE DUNPHY (CUD)

FESTIVAL CREDENTIALS: Played at the Pixies outdoor show at Crystal Palace, but otherwise relative newcomers to flaunting it under the open sky. The years spent labouring under the illusion that they were Led Zeppelin crossed with INXS and their deafening dress sense will, however, stand them in good stead.



PICTURE: PETER WALSH

Glasto milk monitor Mike Dunphy

"People always tell you if you're playing something this big you've got to exaggerate every movement and thrash around, but the problem is, whenever you see live footage of bands who play on stages like that, they always look absolutely ridiculous. They look like Lizzy out of *Play Away*.

"I saw a stadium gig about ten years ago with The Police headlining and U2 were on, and bands like U2 were doing exactly the same then as they do now. Bono was doing a bit of flag-waving, and pulling girls out of the audience. His set-list must say 'Gloria' followed by 'Where The Streets Have No Name', and after that 'Climb Scaffolding'. Then 'New Year's Day' followed by 'Pull Girl Out Of Audience'. It's all a bit predictable. You know, run a bit further from left to right so people can see you.

"We watched The Rolling Stones In The Park video the other day. That would've been good to have been at, partly because the sound was so terrible. We watched it and it filled us with hope that if the greatest rock 'n' roll band in the world could sound so bloody awful, we couldn't be that bad. And I wouldn't mind having a few dead butterflies thrown at me."

Do you like the idea of mixing with the stars backstage?

"Well, it's not something that we set out to do. I know that a lot of bands do get something out of meeting their idols, but we haven't really got any, or they're dead. So if I met them backstage I'd be pretty surprised, the dead ones. It's alright meeting up with people if they're friends in other bands, and swapping horror stories. But it's the most boring conversation in the world to listen to. Two guys from bands talking about what they do. It's just boring. But at least it makes you realise that someone else is as foolish as you are doing this job."

Ever put up a tent in the dark after severe drug intake?

"I have done many a time. Last time I tried was on the coast at Whitby and I put the tent up in the pitch black, and woke up the next morning to find I'd pitched it on the edge of a 200-foot cliff. If anyone finds they've done that at Glastonbury, they've done something seriously wrong. But you shouldn't worry. It's just a weird trip."

FESTIVAL (N) FROM THE LATIN, MEANING 'FESTERING VALLEY'

BY ALAN PARKER, URBAN WARRIOR

DO FESTIVALS help us achieve any REALISTIC CHANGE in this country? That is the question you're all asking yourselves. And I say to you "Well done – it's a good question". Does being out of your mind on drugs, sitting in mud and listening to rock 'n' roll help bring down the government? OF COURSE IT DOES. If it didn't, do you think I'd be playing at one? NO WAY. So rest assured. By showing the bourgeois fascist middle claSS Nazi fascists that we can have a good time without the need for their mind-control propaganda machines (ie, televisions – cheers.) We are making a statement. And that's important. More important than that; it's very important. Let's go.

Cards on the table time. I'm from London. As such I never really feel comfortable in the countryside. It's not REAL. But festivals are different – because then there's thousands of people and loads of litter and noise and if you close your eyes you can imagine you're in the city still. That is the origin of the word festival most probably – from the Latin "*festi val*" – literally "festering valley".

The one thing that I have doubts about on the festival front is this: they are organised. And we all know what that means. (If only 'organised' was spelt with a double 's' I'd be able to SHOW what it really means. Maybe I still can though – how about this? Organazied. Or better still – orgaNAZIed. Yeah, now we're cooking.)

OK, a lot of festivals are badly orgaNAZIed, but that's worse. Big queues for beer, toilets, getting in and out. What's the point in that? Time spent queueing is time spent not handing out subversive leaflets, that's what I say – ie, a waste of time in other words. Once at a festival I queued for two hours. Not for anything in particular. Just to show up the general futility of queuing for what it REALLY is: futile. It was like a sort of performance art piece; I stood on my own at the side of this field tutting quietly and shuffling slowly forward. And occasionally just to ram the point home I'd shout "THIS IS FUTILE" at the top of my voice. It didn't really work, though, in the way I planned, because eventually these four blokes from Swindon came over and started queueing behind me. (John; Trev; Bernie; Phil: Respect to you.)

TOILETS

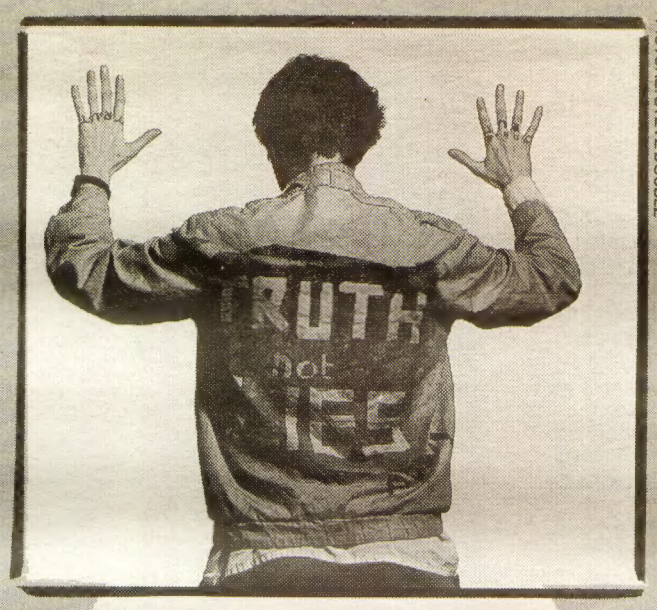
LET'S FACE facts. We all need to go to the toilet now and then. I accept that. But it doesn't have to be some bourgeois fascist middle claSS antique bone china INDOOR toilet does it? No. I use an outside toilet whenever I can – and thereby show solidarity with the ordinary decent working class people of this country. That's what's so brilliant about festivals: Everybody has to use an outside lav. Feel proud as you queue up.

THE GREEN ISSUES

THE GLASTONBURY Festival IN CASE YOU FORGET AS YOU SWIG YOUR CHAMPAGNE COCKTAILS AND FEED YOUR PONIES WITH CAVIAR STOLEN FROM THE MOUTHS OF DEAD BABIES is in aid of Greenpeace. They're an orgaNAZIation. Nevertheless, maybe we should be on their side, because they are basically a bunch of blokes and women who go round bravely strapping themselves to radioactive things – thereby shielding the rest of us from the harmful emissions. Direct action at its most hard-hitting.

Of course I've done something very similar myself – without ever having to form no "orgaNAZIation". I went into a jewellers and tried to chain myself to all the luminous watches in the shop. This lead to a protracted "political argument" with the manager, the gist of which was he was quite happy for me to chain myself to his watches, as long as I bought them first. "Just obeying orders" no doubt.

I CAN SUM UP the main green issue in ONE SENTENCE: They are cutting down all the trees in Brazil. That is what they're doing and it is a RADICAL PROBLEM. Well, radical problems call for radical solutions: Bombers. Yes, bombers – we bomb Brazil until they agree to give up their tree-chopping antics. And people come poncing up to me saying "But Alan, bombing Brazil won't do anything to attack the causes of the problem". OK that's true – we've also got to look at the reasons WHY they're cutting down the trees – the so-called "psychological factors". Now I've cut down a few trees in my time – in the garden, by the side of the road, in the park – and I'll tell you why I did it. I was BORED. It's the same over there. Only they've got more trees. They come out of the pub or whatever at half eleven, there's a chainsaw hanging about and off they go. It stands to reason. So once we've bombed them we send over a whole boat load of games, toys, footballs, TVs, books and stuff. That'll sort them out.



PICTURE: STEVE DOUBLE

PEOPLE

BEST THING about festivals is the people – all the different classes, cultures, races, sexes – all drinking and taking drugs until they're sick. TOGETHER. Anyone with 49 quid, a car and a tent can come – that makes it a SEMI-UTOPIAN DREAMLAND. Jugglers, mime artists, students, women, subversives – all milling about and having a good time.

Actually you don't see so many mime artists about these days, it looks like they're dying out. Maybe it's because what with not speaking most of the time they weren't able to bring themselves to say "wanna shag?" at the right moment. Jugglers – they have always presented an eternal mystery to me: Do you start off as a smug tosser and the become a juggler – or does juggling in some way turn you into one? I hate juggling. I mean, what is it? It's a bloke throwing balls up in the air. That's all it is. People say to me "But Alan, it's not sexist and it's not racist". Yeah, but also very importantly it's not entertainment either. It's such a repetitive mindless activity it makes you wonder whether they wouldn't be equally at home MARCHING UP AND DOWN. I think you can see what I'm driving at.

DRUGS

FESTIVALS ARE a place where there is often a lot of illegal and dangerous drugs about – acid, dope, grass, Ecstasy, magic mushrooms, etcetera. But remember – cigarettes and alcohol: they too are drugs. SO TAKE PLENTY OF THEM.

Cheers. On your side.

Sometimes I get to wondering – the governMENt (cheers sisters) always go on about not taking drugs. So of course everyone takes them. But maybe it's all a double con – maybe they want everyone to take drugs so that they can control our bodies and minds and stop us rebelling. Certainly in my experience for example it's very difficult trying to get people who are on 'E' to unite and fight the government. Actually getting them to do the 'unite' part is piss easy – it's the 'fighting the government' bit that causes all the problems. "No Alan, we don't want to fight; we want to dance." That's what they say. Makes me despair. That's the problem with most drugs – they just make people happy. Not ANGRY.

A mate of mine offered me some acid once. I said "Bourgeois fascist middle class Nazi thought-control chemical? No thanks". But he insisted and in the end I tried some. Acid is supposed to give you all sorts of "profound insights" into the everyday world, but I get those anyway. I didn't expect it to do much for me. In the event the main thing that happened was that all the people wearing NAZI UNIFORMS (ie, suits) looked like they actually were wearing uniforms. And then I went into a pub and tried to make a speech about it, but it just came out as nonsense. Worse than that – it was NON-POLITICAL nonsense. So just be careful.

There's other drugs as well. Ones you probably have NEVER EVEN HEARD OF. Yeah, don't look at books to find the truth; don't "read newspapers". If you want to know what's going down, do what I do – ask a bloke in the pub. I met this man in The Halfway House and he told me about a few of the new drugs being shipped in from the Isle of Wight – that's where they make them. None of your "Costa Rica" rubbish – this is locally made, providing JOBS FOR LOCAL PEOPLE. "Heronin" for example – heard of that? Nor had I. Not heroin – heronin; it's made by crushing up the powder you get from scraping a heron's beak. You can sniff it or rub it on your arms, and apparently it makes you feel like you are flying. And you know that cocaine is made from the residue you get when you evaporate Coca-Cola? Well on the Isle of Wight there's some people taking it one step further. They're using the same process – but with Tizer instead. It's called "Tiestain"; look out for it. And what about "Wallop"? God knows what that is but it's fairly freely available – the bloke in the pub said he could give me a small one if I wanted. Apparently it makes you go dizzy for about a minute. Anyway – you read it here first, OK?

BANDS

GLASTONBURY IS a great place to see bands. So don't see any. Don't let THEM tell you what to do. Go instead to the GREEN LIGHTS STAGE and watch whatever the f— is going on in there. Or don't. Don't listen to me either. DECIDE FOR YOURSELVES. I'm going to go and see The Hugh Cornwall Trio. He used to be in The Stranglers. They're from '77. But sexist. So I'm going to have a go at cheering and hissing at the same time. It can be done, apparently. Billy Bragg? I'm going to shout at him, "Come clean – put your SUIT on". Just watch him crack. The Saw Doctors (Irish) and Kirsty McCool (Woman) I'll be shouting "On your side" between songs. Just to let them know. See you at the front. Respect and cheers.

● *Alan Parker Urban Warrior will be smashing down prejudices 3pm Friday at the cabaret marquee, 10pm Saturday 10pm second theatre tent, 5.50pm Sunday in the cabaret marquee.*

LIFESTYLES OF THE

● Forget the props – CARTER come to Glastonbury in the lap of luxury and with an eye on territories far removed from Somerset's green and pleasant cider belt. So can Jim Bob and Fruitbat keep their early promise and trenchant ideals in the face of Number One albums and Top Ten singles? SIMON WILLIAMS catches up with them in Milan, to test their mettle and taste their mini bars. Thumbprints: KEVIN CUMMINS

Alan Parker isn't the only one to have considered that the phrase 'festival' might stem from the word 'fester'. Carter The Unstoppable Sex Machine have. They've travelled down that maggotty, excrement-caked, alcohol-crusted route, and they don't intend to experience it again. Not without a five star hotel room, anyway.

Curled up on a bed in one such chamber in downtown Milan, Jim Bob and Fruitbat are reminiscing about the festivals they've played and prayed at. Neither one of them has attended a fest in the capacity of punters – in their teenage days, such an event was a poor excuse for Dumpy's Rusty Nuts to play to a mudbath of lager-maddened bearded weirdos.

But they have performed at two in Britain. One was last year's triumphant appearance at Reading; the other – thanks in no small part to the fact that it is now two o'clock in the morning and they are pissed – was a f—ing nightmare.

"We played Tregawny three years ago," confesses an ashen-faced Fruitbat. "We got stuck there 'cos our car got hemmed in. There were too many drugs, too many gangs and too much violence."

"It was a free festival," explains Jim Bob. "So it was peace, love and understanding with axes and hammers. I saw someone being hit continuously on the head with a whisky bottle, and it wouldn't break!"

What, his head or the bottle?

"Oh, I think his head was broken."

"I hated the festival so much that I'd go for five mile walks every day just to go to the pub," rejoins Fruitbat. "I don't mind the camping, it's just the toilets and things like that that piss me off. On the first day they're OK, so you can use them. On the second they're full up so you go in the woods. Then the woods are full of crap so you don't go at all!"

"That was when we went for a piss up against the fence, a long line of us, and this bloke ran past with an axe," remembers Jim Bob. "That was frightening – you get your tackle out and you're having a bit of a wazz and someone runs past wielding a chopper . . . it's pretty scary!"

"It's a pity you have to be into drugs to really enjoy festivals," sighs Fruitbat, the narcotic-free zone. "Or something else hallucinogenic . . . like cider."

Touché.

It started off as a brief saunter down to a cheap'n'cheerful London hostelry to natter about headlining at Glastonbury. It ended up as a three-day binge ranting about success, excess and suicidal tendencies in Northern Italy. And if that isn't a perfect metaphor for Carter's career, then I'm Esther Rantzen's sock drawer. Like, they were destined to play the Bull & Gate until the year dot . . . then they had a Number One album.

In January 1990, the Carter tour party consisted of Jim Bob, Fruitbat, manager Adrian and one roadie squeezed into a four-door car, with only a toilet of a gig and a vagrant floor to sleep on to look forward to at the end of the journey. June 1992 finds Carter cruising around Europe in a luxury coach with a road crew of several million, hopping from an 'unpromoted' gig in Paris to a lakeside Nirvana in Berne and on to hideously expensive Milan. "It's all getting a bit too easy," mumbles Jim Bob at one point. Three shows in a week? He's not bloody joking.

It's hard to resist the holiday atmosphere, which is mainly created by the Carter crew itself. Mad Dog, Daz, Mole, Dad, Big Nige, Pip . . . the list goes on. As do the John Shuttleworth/Harry Enfield/Mary Whitehouse puns, which combine to swamp the 'band' entirely.

Carter are pop pups compared to this Grappa-swigging, laminate-flashing, beer-slurping pack of road-hogging hounds. And when the going gets tough, the crew goes shopping, leaving Jim Bob and Fruitbat to fend off legions of Euro journos armed to the pearly white teeth with rapier-like questions about Pip Schofield, '1992 – The Love Album' and, erm, "Tell me, Meeester Jimbat – why is it that Carter The Unstoppable Sex Machine is being so blinkin' successful?"

"It's quite simple, actually," smirks Fruitbat. "It's because the records are f—ing great . . ."

". . . And we're the best live band in the world!" finishes Jim Bob, immaculately. "It really *is* that obvious. It's not because of the *NME* or Jonathan King or because the time was right or because people are pissed off with the government. It's because we're good – it's *that* simple."

Yikes! If Carter were afflicted with mild bemusement at one stage during their vertigo-defying rise, that bewilderment has been surpassed by a conviction and sussed swagger which, in turn, has lead to a sense of frustration. If the sky was the original limit, nowadays Carter are hungry enough to annexe the entire universe.

"I'm more uncomfortable with the lack of success everywhere else than with the success we've had in Britain," growls Jim Bob between gulps of straight scotch. His partner peers out from the pillow end of the bed and takes a similarly savage swipe at Lady Complacency.

"It makes it a lot harder to accept the bullshit we're getting from America, that they can't sell this and you can't sell records unless you do this. And we know it's not true – the only thing stopping us from selling records is the record company, who control the radio stations and everything like that, so it's all bollocks."

"It's like, you make a video and you think, 'F—, this is made for MTV, this is, although not deliberately,'" says Jim Bob, accusingly. "Then you give it to them and they say 'no, we need more live stuff in it, like the last two videos you did . . .' The ones that didn't get shown anywhere! Then you come to Italy and they're playing 'The Only Living Boy' on the equivalent of MTV five times a day every day."

"It's a really small nudge to get on to MTV in America," says Fruitbat, "but it's a nudge that could change us from being complete nobodies into complete rich wankers."

"Yeah, that's the only place where we wanna be big just for the money, ha ha ha!" leers Jim Bob. "So then we can be completely honest everywhere else and do what the f— we like!"

"That's only half the band saying that!" defends Fruitbat.

"I know, but we're not going to America for eight weeks because we want to play to everybody or because we want to travel, are we?" shouts the fringe. "We're going out there because it's a really serious effort to sort the music business out in America."

And, by gum, it needs some sorting.

"Basically," snaps Fruitbat, "over there they don't know what the f— they're doing."

But Carter do. Sure, once the Sex Machine ball started rolling towards the mainstream after the '101 Damnations' album came out, the movement was perpetuated by a classic mix of naive enthusiasm and cunningly simple ploys. Another two LPs later, however, and the scale of the whole operation has increased so dramatically it's as though Carter have moved on from pissing around with camcorders to hamming it up in Hollywood.

Now breakfast business meetings deal with how to fly from Glastonbury to Germany or from the States to Finland. Now Jim Bob can wear tartan shorts with a matching baseball cap and look like Sherlock Holmes' hipper young brother without fear of people taking the piss. Now the singer can say "I wanna be like Guns N' Roses – I wanna sell 50 million albums!" and people will go "Right!" instead of "Arf! Arf! Arf!".

"If you sell that many records you'd never have to do anything again," he beams. "I wouldn't really want to do that though, 'cos I wouldn't want to be as f—ed up as Guns N' Roses obviously are.

"To be that rich must be *terrible* – I don't want that at all. I consider myself to be fairly rich right now 'cos I've got enough money to do what I want, like going out for a drink. But if we stopped right now the money would run out dead quick."

He looks serious about it as well. They say that a UK tour costs them £300,000, with no margin for profit; that, thanks to the touring commitments packing their diary, they will be paying 24 crew members'

No strings attached! Fruitbat and Jim Bob decide which of the Carter dogs can play lead, Herman (left) or Wilf (

HITCH AND FAMOUS

ght)—note authentic canine erection!

At least the crew earn *their* wages. Earlier on, Daz showed us a 'trick' which involved scampering into a hotel room that had been flooded out because of a blocked shower drain and then (cough) 'liberating' the mini bar. Mad Dog has got even better tricks up his sleeve, more and more of which are infiltrating Carter's creative juices. The line "*So I said to myself, 'Self'*," was originally his until it found its way into 'Is Wrestling Fixed?'. 'Consonant Vowel Consonant Consonant (C—)' is this week's new title, and he shows no signs of drying up. Or *out*, for that matter.

"He came up with 'What Time Is It, Love?'," sniggers Jim Bob, proudly. "I mean, I could turn that into a song about Northern Ireland! Well, maybe not . . ."

"But that's our whole stock-in-trade, anyway, nicking people's ideas," shrugs Fruitbat.

True, Carter's records have been liberally laden with 'reference' points from their record collections, be it the Stones' 'Ruby Tuesday' or World Domination Enterprise's 'Asbestos Lead Asbestos'. And which bunch of bastards sued, eh? From such small acorns these cultural squirrels have gotten fat, which I guess says something about the benefit of having voracious appetites. If only Fruitbat would shut up about unwittingly pilfering from Ultravox's guitar sound everyone would be a lot happier.

"If we were the only band in the world we wouldn't exist, ha ha ha!" giggles Jim Bob. "'Do Re Me' would not exist whatsoever if it wasn't for the Manics, because it's all about what they aren't; 'While You Were Out' probably wouldn't exist if it wasn't for Nirvana."

"It's like Pop Will Eat Itself wouldn't exist in the same way if it wasn't for Sigue Sigue Sputnik," explains Fruitbat. Steady on! "And neither would we, which is a bit weird because Sigue Sigue Sputnik weren't any good. They just had one really good idea which loads of people have modified."

Just as things threaten to dissolve into a tipsy mess of naff influences and alarming references to early '80s tosh, Fruitbat says something exceedingly intelligent like, "It takes talent to turn the ideas into our songs – that's where the artistry lies," and we land back on good old Planet Sensible. Phew.

"We have got a pretty unique sound," he elaborates. "When it's all pieced together, no-one else sounds like us."

"We're a band that sounds exactly like Pink Floyd, we are," announces Jim Bob. "That's what someone told us today. And at the same time people say we're the best band they've seen since The Clash. So if we're exactly the same as The Clash and Pink Floyd we must be pretty unique . . . in a strange sort of way. Basically, I think we sound like *everyone's* favourite band."

Precisely! Carter's appeal is so widespread because of the diversity of their music: Queen fans can get off on the pomp; punks can spit along to the guitars; ravers can wig out on the hi-energy blitzkrieg beats; people who have a fancy for bright lights can stand and stare at the bloody things until their retinas implode. Not forgetting those grebos, crusties and goffs. Call Carter the aural equivalent of a Center Parcs weekend break, if you will, but there really *is* something for everyone. And none more so than for their most hardcore followers, The Kids.

Unfortunately, every silver lining has a cloud. In Carter's case, the fans are so partisan they've occasionally indulged in that good old pastime – metaphorically trashing support bands' gigs. EMF were one of the earliest to face a barrage of abuse at ULU last year. The most recent victim was rapper Blade, who propped up Carter at The Venue and was confronted by the kind of tolerant attitude that gives Rottweiler owners a good name. It's not funny, it's not clever, it's . . . shit! Here comes another glass!

"Blade got a really bad time because he was a rapper and there was a really narrow-minded section of the audience," mutters Jim Bob. "But at the same time the only people who were incredibly annoyed about it were . . ."

"You!" yelps Fruitbat. "You were probably the most annoyed about it!"

"Well, yeah. That was mainly because I was embarrassed."

"You get a bad view 'cos you think a Carter audience did that, but it wasn't," protests Fruitbat. "It was about 50 people out of a thousand giving him a hard time, and those 50 were a lot more vociferous than all the ones who were enjoying it."

"Even people giving someone a hard time is actually people having a *good* time giving someone a hard time," decides Jim Bob. "Like EMF at ULU – they got bottled off because people were having a good time, in a strange kind of way.

"It's like the Manics hate us so much and I'm convinced that they hate us because they love us. They hate us because we're the only good band in the world apart from them. We're the only challenge to everything they supposedly stand for. That's why they have to go on about us so much, 'cos they think we're brilliant. And *vice versa*, to a certain extent – they annoy me so much because they're so good . . . in a funny sort of way, mate."

Jim Bob's drunk, readers.

"No, I just find it really hard to hate them. They are probably the greatest rock 'n' roll contradiction EVER; they're able to say anything they want and then, when they're proved wrong they're able to back it up by saying, 'Yes, but we *know* that!' I just wish *we'd* thought of it!"

"We're the best live band in the world, not because of Jonathan King or the *NME* or because the time was right or people are pissed off with the government. It's because we're *good* – it's that simple." – Jim Bob

Yet while the Manics bluff their way through thick, thin and all points in between, Carter set – if not *stitch* – themselves up on a disturbingly regular basis. Like the Manics, they've hit a nerve because they've actually *got* the nerve to stand up and say, Actually this country is a load of bollocks and we're all being screwed'. But the snag is, Carter used to say that when they were earning a tenner from each gig and they're still saying the same things today except (ha ha) now they sell 150,000 albums and (ha ha) they're not exactly spreading cheap margarine on the stale breadline anymore.

Our old friend contradiction walks past. Jim Bob nuts him.

"People say 'How can you be in touch with what's going on in the world when you're flying around and staying in hotels?' But if we lived in a cardboard box underneath Waterloo Bridge, how much would we know about the world? It's a stupid argument – apart from the fact that you've got f—all money and life is shit, you don't necessarily *know* any more. People say 'How can you talk about Yugoslavia when you've got so much money?' But if we lived in a squat with no television we'd know even less."

Jim Bob insists that they still have political ideals to maintain, but again they're frustrated by the fact that their increase in stature need not mean that they're in any more of a position to rid the globe of all evils. So they send confiscated bootleg T-shirts to Yugoslavia instead of destroying them. So they do charidee gigs and, naturally, don't like to talk about them. They're in a no-win situation and yes, it most certainly *is* nil-nil after extra time.

"We never really thought we could change things," says Fruitbat wearily. "We've always just written songs about things that affect us, we're the same as everybody else – we haven't got any answers. Like, if you're worried about starving people in Africa then probably the best thing you can do is go out there and help, or give all your money to them, which is something I'm not prepared to do."

"Oh, that's going to look good in print!" jeers Jim Bob.

"No, but I think I can make more people happier by staying in Carter."

"We're too selfish, anyway," confesses Jim Bob. "This is what we wanna do. We basically want to fart around, get pissed up, have a good time, sell loads of records and make quite a bit of money. We started in bands because we wanted to be famous. I wanted to be like David Essex in *Stardust* and travel around and have a swimming pool and shag loads of women and get pissed up every night. That's what I wanted to do when I was 13 – when you're that old you don't think, 'I can change the world with my music', do you?'"

As if to prove that when it comes to shooting themselves in the foot, Carter must surely be wearing bulletproof boots; the hectic hammerdrill that is 'Do Re Me, So Far So Good' is about to be unleashed upon a suspicious public. Naturally, it's destined to be a Top Ten single. Naturally, this will be one Top Ten single that is slagging off, erm, other Top Ten singles. Naturally, Carter are as flustered as a dead hedgehog.

"It's basically saying that Top Ten records don't have to be crap,"

wages until at least the end of the year; that most of the equipment they splash money out on is 'knackered' within 12 months. Then, of course, there are all the bar tabs . . .

"All of this money coming in doesn't seem to be real," ponders Fruitbat. "It's big figures which come in and go out and it doesn't actually mean anything."

"I'm like one of those c—s that wins the pools and doesn't really want it," grins Jim Bob. "I just stick it in the bank 'cos I can't find anything to spend the money on."

Don't you ever get the urge to give a down-and-out £20 instead of the ubiquitous 20 pence?

"I nearly did that on Animal Day! They kept asking me for money and I was thinking I could give them my credit card and tell them to take two grand out of that. And I nearly went through with it, even though they wouldn't have believed me, anyway . . ."

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THE VAST

PICTURE: STEVE DOUBLE

Ruling God-emperors of crust, The Levs (l to r): Jeremy, Charlie, Mark, John and Simon

● Unwind your cummerbund! Divest yourself of your Junior Gaultier blazer! For the latest youth cult that's sweeping the nation is an 'aromatic' hybrid of quasi-anarchist politics, the wandering nomad lifestyle, New Age mysticism, ex-army parkas and, erm, non-mainstream music. What is it about the so-called 'CRUSTY' phenomenon that attracts previously respectable boys and girls into its web of lentils, alsations and bad space-reggae? STUART MACONIE peeks through his fingers and offers a few thoughts on the whole caboodle whilst our intrepid dog-on-a-stringer STEPHEN DALTON travels the trunk roads of Britain and finds CRASS, RDF, BACK TO THE PLANET, THE LEVELLERS, THE MOONFLOWERS and – yeah! – OZRIC TENTACLES

PICTURE: MARTYN GOODACRE

The, erm, wizards of Ozric

PICTURE: MARTYN GOODACRE

Babylon Heart attackers Back To The Planet (l to r): Henry, Fraggle, Fil, Cash and Guy

"To live outside the law, you have to be honest."
Bob Dylan

IT SOUNDS like common sense now, but when British sociologist Stanley Cohen first mooted the theory 20 years ago, it was hot news. Namely, that there are certain sections of the community that 'The Man' doesn't approve of, and he's out to get them. In his book *Folk Devils And Moral Panics*, Cohen described how, from time to time, and usually at times of rapid social upheaval, certain groups become identified as 'folk devils', threats to respectable society who cop the blame for a whole manner of ills and become the focus of a 'moral panic'; a state of unjustified hysteria. In the Middle Ages, it was witches. In '50s America, it was communists.

"But, hey, Stu, what's this got to do with us?" I hear you cry. Well, Cohen makes the point that, more recently, it's been various youth clubs who've been 'demonised', teddy boys, mods and rockers, punks; all have incurred the wrath of adult society and been perceived as enemies of law and order, of kids, welfare, of family life. And, just you watch, the crusties, the travellers, the new age hippy commune convoy, whatever you want to call them, they're next. See the enraged residents of Castlemorton, marvel at the gaudy vehicles, reel at the smell of human excrement and learn from the hastily prepared tabloid guides to this latest 'youth tribe'. Must we fling this filth at our pop kids, Part 56?

Folk devils, so the theory goes, must be easily identified and, realistically, no threat to social order. But maybe the crusties are. Maybe, like the hippies whose name they've appropriated, they are a threat simply because they're refusing to play the game. For all the martial rhetoric and the purgative force, punk was never really going to subvert the nation's youth. You couldn't live it, and that's why there's nothing sadder than a thirtysomething punk. But 'crusty' (everyone hates the name but it's convenient, so shut up already) . . . crusty is for keeps. Or could be.

It shares the hippy rejection of materialism, of bourgeois morality and family life. Mortgage and garden furniture, uh-uh, no thanks, I'm going to live in this converted ice cream van with Aubrey and Gripper and Moonchild. And you need never come back. In fact, you might not be able to even if you wanted. Who would you employ, a fresh-faced kid in a Kingmaker T-shirt with eight GCSEs, or a dreadlocked anarchist in his late 20s who's spent the last five years going from festival to festival in the same combat fatigues selling hashcake and starcharts?

Where did it come from? From a million places. From the refugees of hippiedom who laid low until the New Age replaced Greed Is Good, from Hawkwind and the real underground scene of Ladbroke Grove that got usurped by ELP and Yes and Led Zeppelin but never went away. From the post-punk anarcho-chic of Here & Now and Crass. From the legions of disenfranchised youth kicked out of work and home under Thatcherism who realised that there was a viable, communal alternative to living in a B&B and risking life and limb on a YTS. The culture is a mongrel, ragbag dumping ground of semi-digested politics and genres, and therein lies its weakness and its strength. It's a come as you are, no dress restrictions, bring all your albums from Van The Man to New Model Army to The Orb kind of party. It's low on credentials and welcoming to all. But it looks a mess and it smells. And it'll never get a great press until the rock media prefers sitting round some burning mattresses to drinking The Cure's rider. That's life.

But it isn't going to go away. Because there's nowhere else for these people to go. And it's growing. Because The Levellers' fan base now includes little girls in hippy skirts who can get dirty by association. The Ozric Tentacles in *Smash Hits*? They had the Happy Mondays, for God's sake. Turn on, tune in, drop out . . . slightly. Buy more Levellers records. Have fun.

Stuart Maconie

PICTURE: PENNIE SMITH

"still no morrissey . . ."

Jon Savage's stupendous punk post-mortem, *England's Dreaming*, records a telling exchange between veteran campaigning journo Caroline Coon and Johnny Rotten. Coon slammed the Pistols singer for despising hippies only because they had been systematically ridiculed and vilified by the capitalist press in exactly the same fashion which awaited Rotten and his followers. A prophetic warning.

Now, with the festival season looming and Castlemorton still fresh in most people's memory, guess which sub-culture looms large in Fleet Street's ever-shifting demonology? Surely not the travelling crusties, natural inheritors of hippy ideals with a dash of peaceful anarchy stirred in, whose partisan bands enjoy a higher profile in this year's official Glastonbury line-up than ever before?

A risibly off-target *Daily Star* spread of two weeks ago christened them "Scuzzies", workshy followers of bands like Cud, Sultans of Ping FC and the enigmatic "USM" *(sic)*. More savagely, actor Robert Llewelyn, of *Red Dwarf* fame, renounced his own traveller past in *The Guardian* a few days later and denounced "the laziest, most miserable people the earth has produced . . . The talentless, useless dreg culture of the convoy people." Fighting talk.

So why does everyone hate crusties? Is it really for offences as superficial as looking scruffy and thinking wooly? Might there be a hidden agenda at work here, as evidenced by the heavyweight police presence at most traveller events? Climb aboard this rusty ex-army truck, pull your under-nourished mongrel aboard, and let us traverse the four corners of this merry land together – In Search Of Crusty.

First stop is an isolated farmhouse in darkest Essex, home for over a decade to the ideological mother of a thousand crusty bands, **CRASS**. Die-hard anarchists, pacifists and enemies of the music industry, Crass endured trumped-up blasphemy charges, questions in the House and all manner of police harassment before disbanding of their own volition in the mid-'80s.

Penny Rimbaud, musician-turned-author, remembers the Crass years as "massively successful . . . We proved a group of people who weren't involved in profit and immoral techniques could still move huge quantities of records, you didn't need hype and hand-outs, you didn't need to play the game the music business required of you."

Despite being namechecked by most of the bands in this feature, particularly The Levellers, Crass never wanted to be figureheads. "We weren't there to be rock'n'roll heroes or political heroes," claims Penny, "we were just there to share information and help other people pass on their information."

Swinging west into the capital, we find the true legacy of Crass amidst the sprawling squat scene in South London. If anyone can be called leading lights of this punky reggae sub-culture, **RADICAL DANCE FACTION** have a strong claim – especially since the demise of World Domination Enterprises and multi-media terrorists Mutoid Waste.

Anarchists and squat-dwellers who, until very recently, were on the label set up with Crass money and personnel – Southern – we find RDF relaxing in the Archduke Charles pub in Elephant & Castle. The band call this hostelry their "office", regularly playing there for free beer and inviting other like-minded acts to do the same.

When we meet, RDF frontman Chris Bowsher is seething at being shunted down the Glastonbury bill to a low-profile afternoon slot. "People aren't going to hear anything better than us all weekend," he growls confidently, "so we should have a decent spot."

Chris got into making music in his native Hungerford, when serving parole there after coming out of prison for heroin offences. His first band was Military Surplus, a ramshackle white-reggae outfit whose horizons were ultimately too limited for the fiercely articulate and opinionated singer.

"All Hungerford's known for is Michael Ryan and Military Surplus. I often felt the two things were connected . . ."

With a policy of not approaching promoters for gigs, RDF have slogged away at festivals for the last four years, amassing a large following of "white dreadlocks and battle fatigues . . . originally I'd say it was 90 per cent that kind of audience, but now it's down to about 40 per cent."

Chris is happy with the crusty tag, but new drummer Andy has reservations.

"It's more comfortable for the system to come up with a label like crusty than to face the truth of what these people are, an actual underclass. They leave school, they have no chance of getting a job, so they congregate together largely because they feel safe in numbers. It becomes a community in itself, people all over the world united in the fact that they are the bottom of the pile."

Political concerns infect RDF's harsh rhythmic assault, but Chris admits there is no unified stance apart from loose opposition to fascism, vivisection, bloodsports and nuclear weapons.

"Everyone knows what side of the fence we stand on, but I personally am a degenerate, so I don't think I should be the one to write any manifesto for anybody. We are probably one of the few bands who can actually say we are working class, and we do want that to come through."

So what will RDF first-timers see

TEMPTATION OF CRUST

from the band at Glasto? Guitarist Phil laughs menacingly. "If they keep mucking us about, they're going to see a *riot*."

Close by, in the crusty enclave of South East London, we find fellow travellers (arf!) **BACK TO THE PLANET**. With a similar squats-and-festivals history to RDF, but a less strident blend of punky reggae strands to their sound and stance – as showcased on their recent 'Revolution Of Thought' single – the Planets met on the road two years ago and currently run their own label, Arthur Mix.

Singer Fil is stumped in her quest to define crusties, however. "Fraggle the guitarist says it's the bits he finds in his pants. It's just a stupid label. There's lots of them who don't wash, but you don't have to be technically, *clinically* clean to be clean and healthy. Bands that get called crusty are no cleaner, dirtier or more respectable than any other band."

Although she does not write political lyrics, Fil admits her non-materialistic lifestyle "could be seen as a political statement. But I see it as just basic true life, it's not just that we're in a band, being squatters and running around the country getting drunk. There's loads of people with families, people that have lost their jobs and businesses, who can't afford that lifestyle any more and have to do the things we're doing."

Fil dropped in on Castlemorton and found "a really ecstatic vibe", but can that be reproduced in large commercial festivals like Glasto? "Just the fact that so many people are gathering in one place and enjoying being together is good, you don't have to spend all your time in the Babylon Heart of Glastonbury."

Seen. And do the Planets consider themselves anarcho-hippies? "Yeah, we believe in freedom and love . . . you've got to, haven't you?"

Indeed you have. There is, as **THE LEVELLERS** insist, only one way of life. And it is Brighton's titans of crusty-folky-studenty rock we encounter next, having steamed westward down the M4 to a secluded recording studio nestling in the leafy outskirts of Maidenhead. With a babbling (Babylon?) brook outside, luxury accommodation and 24-hour MTV within, this is *my* kind of anarcho-socialism.

Bassist Jeremy lambasts those who treat crusties as just another fashion rather than a by-product of rampant capitalism. But as highly visible – albeit unwilling – spokesmen for this lost generation, The Levellers find themselves in a quandary: a successful chart and college act who made their name with traveller audiences, a wandering troupe whose free-festival history has finally been cashed in for high-profile billing at Glastonbury.

Perhaps this explains the rather schizophrenic tone of their joint statement on modern gatherings which "purport to advocating the same way of life as ancient festivals but, by their very size and nature, become commercial ventures charging high admission costs."

While applauding the existence of Glastonbury and its donations to Greenpeace, The Levellers are uneasy about large pay-outs made to bands and make it clear they "will be returning a sizeable part of their fee for Glastonbury to Greenpeace."

Firing off broadsides at British land laws and police clampdowns on illegal raves, the band conclude hopefully that "to hold festivals for the old valid reasons is not impossible within modern civilizations", citing similar events in mainland Europe which occur "without the overt fear and cynicism that this country and its leaders has of large gatherings."

Pompous idealism or blinding common-sense? Wherever you stand, this view is echoed 90 miles down the motorway at the West Country headquarters of wigged-out wastrels **THE MOONFLOWERS**. Virtually penniless and struggling to create a scene with their groovy Pop God empire, the Bristol-based conceptual pranksters find themselves slamming into the brick wall of blinkered bureaucracy at every corner.

"We try dead hard and we don't get anywhere," sighs Liverpool-born singer Sean, reclining on a sun-dappled grass bank close to Pop God's subterranean office.

"We're going to have to move abroad soon because we don't like it here, everyone's become so selfish. I saw this programme on the radio – which was quite perceptive of me – and it had all these people just after the election. Everyone just got up and said 'I'm a completely selfish person'."

Sean started Pop God on the Enterprise Allowance scheme 18 months ago. Having catapulted to notoriety with the dancefloor-friendly 'Get Higher' single on Heavenly – for which they have yet to see a penny – The Moonflowers began transforming themselves into Bristol's premier artistic collective. They set about designing covers, running clubs, gatecrashing festivals, touring frantically, organising children's workshops and, erm, distributing fo to the local poor. Honestly.

Meanwhile, Moonflowers splinter group Praise Space Electric and like-minded souls found their way on to the label. "All three bands live for their music," nods Sean. "If I rang them up now they'd all be playing or doing something towards music."

The Moonflowers fire out ideas like projectile vomit. Some are rubbish, some brilliant – like getting their mums to sing backing vocals – but most at least intriguing. One which never materialised was a Peace Group, membership of which involved pledging never to fight in any army and rewriting classic hits like Village People's 'Not In The Navy' or Status Quo's 'Not In The Army Now'. Bonkers.

One which has come together is the formation of a Pop God branch in Czechoslovakia, where The Moonflowers escape to immediately after Glasto to play festivals and record their next album. Sean thinks Britain needs to be loosened up by a Czech invasion, stomping on all our petty-minded restrictions with their new-found freedom. "We want to do things with good intentions and we don't see why we should get stopped. Here, everyone just makes everything difficult for you."

The run-out groove of the funky Moonflowers EP, 'Tighten Up On The Housework Brothers And Sisters', contains the cool motto "Smile In The Face Of Evil And Dance". This title will also adorn their next single – a reference to the band's hairy encounter with Budapest's violent skinhead mafia which ended, happily, in laughter and revelry.

"Ever since then," smirks Sean, "whenever we hear of a place that's got a really hard and violent audience we go straight for them."

So Glasto should be a pushover?

"Glastonbury's going to be wild this year because, after each song, another of our friends is going to come on and join us. The main reason we're playing is so us and our friends can get in for free."

The Moonflowers also dropped in on Castlemorton between gigs – "everyone was in quite a festivalised state" – but, despite confessing to a common bond with bands like RDF and Ozric Tentacles, do not consider themselves crusties. Grudgingly, however, they will concede their mixture of low-tech grooviness and boggle-eyed positivity has hippy overtones.

"We don't get stoned all the time," protests guitarist Jesse. "Well, we *do*, but we do things. A lot of hippies these days just get stoned and don't do anything, when they could be out on the streets getting this government out."

In a spectacular illustration of the Moonflowers philosophy, Sean concludes our chat by bounding off to help a local blind man cross the road. He returns with a huge grin spread across his face. "I beat him up last week and nicked his wallet, *ha ha ha!* He didn't even know it was me!"

PICTURE: MARTYN GOODACRE

Earls of suave RDF

"These people are an actual underclass. They congregate together because they feel safe in numbers, people all over the world united in the fact that they are the bottom of the pile." – Andy, RDF

Evening creeps in as our Crusty Quest presses on into its heart of darkness, a sleepy Somerset village within yawning distance of the Glastonbury festival site. The vibes are certainly buzzing when we finally pull up at a restored mill house to find half a dozen long-hairs sipping tea in the garden while strange floaty sounds seep from an outdoor stereo system. Welcome to the intergalactic overlords of crusty, **OZRIC TENTACLES.**

Coagulating in a random, organic fashion via various free festivals in the early '80s, Ozric Tentacles – named after an imaginary breakfast cereal, alas – display a gift for oddball album titles like 'Tantric Obstacles', 'Sliding Gliding Worlds', 'Pungent Effulgent' and the recent 'Live Underslunky'. Their music, however – a glutinous gumbo of mutant reggae, improvised jazz and progressive rock shapes – is more of an acquired taste.

"I'd rather call them places instead of tracks," nods main Ozrics composer and Gerry Sadowitz clone Ed, attempting to explain his work. Gong, Hawkwind and Jethro Tull are the usual reference points for these vast, mostly instrumental tundras of sound. Ed prefers to plot "a whirling, twisting pathway from one astral stepping stone to another, with unexpected quirks along the way, characters to meet, ummmm . . ."

Bassist Roly, who could easily pass for a Polish punk with his droopy moustache and piss-coloured peroxide mop, concludes Ed's sentence ". . . in an endless blue void."

The Ozrics are nowhere near as pompous and humourless as they might seem on paper. When a recent *Deadline* interview is unearthed which savaged their work as "turgid, largely unstructured music that's basically jazz played in a wholly inappropriate rock mode", they simply giggle and shrug in resignation.

"I couldn't agree more," snickers Roly. Ed launches into an anecdote about the interviewer's high caffeine intake so "maybe compared to his state of mind, it sounded like badly played jazz."

Hmmmmm. Whatever your angle on the Ozrics, Ed is a genuine musical obsessive with a Steve Hillage fixation and a lucrative sideline writing TV themes. "The most recent was an archaeological programme called *Legacy*. I did some ethnological forgeries, pretending to be ethnic and sounding pretty convincing but electronic as well. A lot of them seem to be about ancient civilisations, which is great because that's good practice at being ethnic."

Currently phasing out his TV work as the Ozrics finally begin to make a living through music, Ed intends to assemble his own studio in the millhouse he shares with manager John Bennett. A former carpenter, Bennett runs the band's label, Dovetail, and is currently negotiating with Miles Copeland's IRS for a licensing deal in America.

All is go for the Tentacled ones. However, in the chaotic rush of releasing a double live album, touring and relocating from London to Somerset, they neglected to finalise their headline billing at Glastonbury and lost it to 808 State. Glum faces all around, especially since their new mid-evening slot will not allow for one of their legendary three-hour "stage hogs".

Like most bands interviewed here, the Ozrics have seen the crusty contingent of their audience dwindle. A good thing?

"Crusties are nice, they're just hippies really," contends Ed. "In fact, that's one thing I'm completely stumped by – what is a hippy? I suppose a typical hippy has colourful clothes, long hair, a weird, knowing glint in the eye having seen far-off horizons in some frame of mind or another."

Keyboard player Joie has the solution. "We're more *lunch-outs* than hippies. Lunched-out means in a trance state for a lot of the day."

Right. And how would the Ozrics respond to the legions of pop fans who despise their music with a passion?

"Depends on their reason really," muses Ed. "To some of them I'd say 'cheer up', to others I'd say 'listen to it', and to the rest I'd say 'fair enough, feel free to detest and loathe it'."

Roly nods in deadpan agreement. "I'd *prefer* to be hated."

So what have we learnt about the elusive Jabberwocky-style beast that is crusty? All these bands have played unofficially at Glastonbury before, and many of them will do so again this year, but all have been added to the official bill for the first time. Is this an acknowledgement of an important sub-culture or a subtle attempt to neutralise it by absorption into the mainstream?

All of the above are united by their festival backgrounds, rootsy musical influences and varying degrees of anarcho-hippy sympathies. Most have played together on the same bill. But similarities end there.

And, should you want to turn crusty yourself? Easy. Look inside your pants, peer into the endless blue void, get lunched- out and festivalled up – maybe even try loving your fellow man a bit. Then simply smile in the face of evil and dance.

PICTURE: MARTYN GOODACRE

Away from the planet's – The Moonflowers (l to r): Jesse, Shagger, Shaun, an Alien

GLASTONBURY 92

THE BATTLE OF

STEVEN WELLS MEETS GLASTONBURY'S FARMY ARMY – AND LOCAL KILLJOYS – AS

Ivan the stone circle architect says 'love' to his granite chums

Michael Eavis, the bald, fringy-bearded son of a Methodist preacher, owns Worthy dairy farm in beautiful rural Somerset. He was listening to a Primal Scream CD on his milking shed sound system one morning when he thought – "Wow! This is fantastic! This sounds exactly like The Grateful Dead! I've got to get them for the festival!"

So he rushed out in his wellies to start making phone calls and was halfway to the farm house before he realised it was 5.20 in the morning and *nobody* in the music business was likely to be awake yet. Unless they'd not gone to bed yet.

It's an odd combination of jobs, running a dairy herd *and* the biggest rock festival in Europe. Imagine how much more exciting *The Archers* would be if Eddy Grundy was woken up from his afternoon nap by a hairy gentleman in mirror shades asking: "Hey, where's the leyline, man?" or if Brian Aldridge's biggest headache was the chaos caused by the visiting Happy Mondays forging 600 backstage passes on their tour bus Xerox machine.

We're bombing across the cow-pat studded Worthy Farm fields in a squealing Land Rover to meet the people who make the Glastonbury Festival possible. We meet Brian Bogfix who spends most of the winter months "snow and ice mountaineering" in New Zealand. One summer he turned up at the Glastonbury site supporting part of a CND mock-Cruise missile. Inevitably, (with a name like that) he stayed on to look after the 129 "18-holers" and 522 Portaloos plus other assorted bogs on the site.

Pride of place goes to the notorious 18-holers, designed, by the way, so that pervs cannot stand outside and giggle at the sight of knickers around ankles without bending over so far that they'd get a face full of cow crap. These are not just any toilets. These are the Glastonbury toilets. John Cooper Clarke has written a poem about them. They are bogs of legend.

"A lot of people wait until they go home," admits Michael. But enough festival-goers fall foul of a diet of mung bean curry and rough scrumpy to pump enough shit into the system so that Michael never has to buy any fertiliser. Rule Number One. Take toilet paper, and for God's sake, don't put off going even if you have spent three hours worming your way to the front and The Cure are about to come on.

Hank wanders by. He is very brown and semi-naked and has hair down to his waist. Hank paints the bins. "He may look like a bit of a drongo," says Michael, "but he's very, very artistic. Now here's the stone circle, it's not quite finished yet." Pardon? Wow. they've gone and built their very own mini-Stonehenge. Far f—ing out or what?

"Get ON my land!" Hirsute guru of all things Glasto, local landowner and close personal friend of popular novelist Fay Weldon (fact!) Michael Eavis

ALL PICTURES: STEFAN DE BATSELIER

Ivor the stone circle architect has permed blond hair, a tanned pot belly, bright purple Indian shell-suit trousers and a penchant for roll-ups. He also has a tendency to gaze into the distance when he uses words like "deep" and "energy" and he speaks with the careful vagueness that is common amongst those who fear that the listener might possibly start to giggle when they hear the phrase "hyperspace bypass".

Ivor has always been interested in stone circles. Whilst visiting sites in the Lake District he spotted some stones in the distance.

"I thought, 'that's strange, they're not on the map' – but when I got closer they, um, disappeared. That's when I knew that I'd been given, um, permission to build a circle myself. It's more of an egg really."

We spend about an hour in the baking mid-day sun chainsmoking roll-ups whilst Ivor tells me about the significance of the swan, about how he once illuminated a camp with the sign of the star, Sirius, and how it created a "good atmosphere".

"Like, if you walk up to a group of people and you say 'Love' – you'll get one atmosphere. And if you walk up and you say 'Hate' – you'll get another reaction."

I ask him if this is what Marc Bolan was talking about when he wrote 'Ride A White Swan' and Ivor says he doesn't know but it could have been.

"This field has always been very magical. the deer came right down here before they put the fence up. It's right on a ley-line between Glastonbury and Stonehenge."

In the background, various bollock'n'ovary naked forty-something folk sit outside around their teepees stroking the camp cat and sipping tea. Some women from the Isle of Lewis are going to re-create a Scottish mountain "in the shape of a naked woman lying on her back" which on certain nights is stroked by moonlight in an interesting manner. Another woman is really into mazes and one bloke is thinking about recreating the Houses Of Parliament and blowing them up with fireworks, but he's not sure yet.

Rule Two: Go visit the field where the strange naked people live, they're a lot more fun than drugs.

There are three local Druid groups, says Ivor, the Glastonbury Order of Druids, the Secular Order of Druids and the British Order of Druids. Ivor is mates with the GODS, and they'll be taking part in the pre-festival midsummer's night shenanigans whilst the SODs and the BODs'll have to make do elsewhere.

Not surprisingly, Ivor's benign and rather vague spiritual beliefs have pissed off certain Christians, despite his offer to build "Christ energy" into the circle. "PILTON BLACK MAGIC ALERT" screamed the local *Western Gazette*.

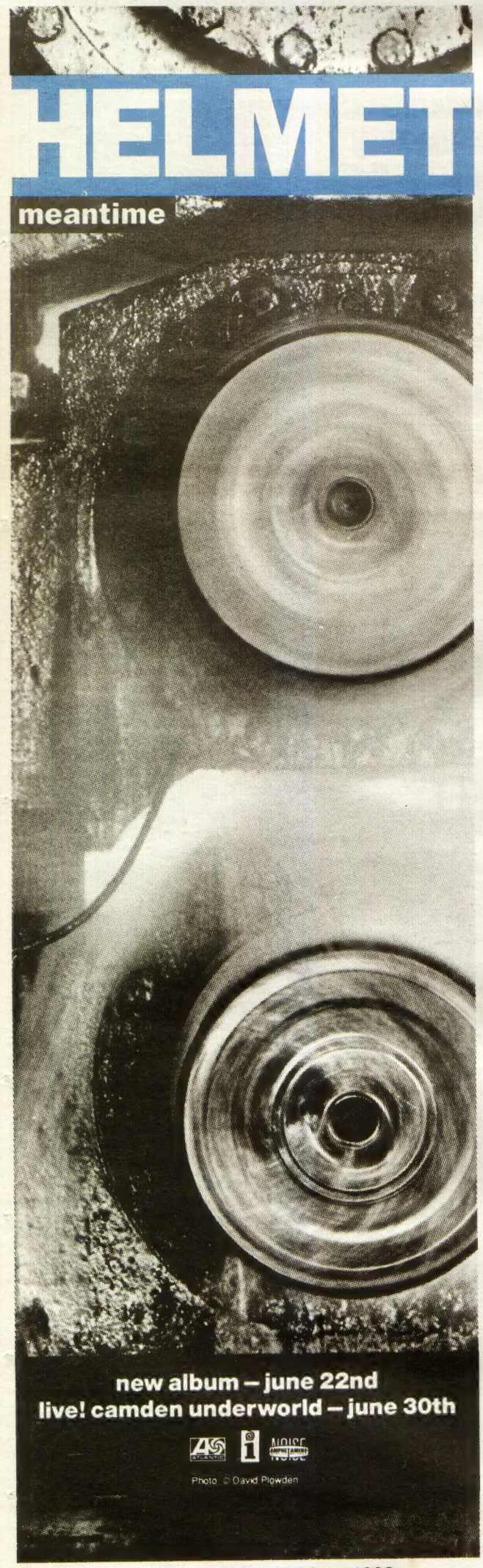
"Look at that," says Ivor, pointing to a huge, white cross situated on a hill on the other side of the valley. "That's just so aggressive, it's giving off so much negative energy."

"It's *very strange*, says Mrs Anne Goode, "they have put up these stones in a field opposite my cross."

Mrs Goode *does not like* the Glastonbury Festival. She does not like the noise and the inconvenience and the "hypodermics in the hedgerows". Her cross is made out of two huge, white painted telegraph poles and illuminated by a 500 watt halogen lamp. Anne says she kept seeing the cross in her mind's eye and then, by an amazing coincidence, the very next day she saw an advert in the local paper for cheap telegraph poles. She and Ivor have religious visions in common, at least.

Anne is a sparky, spunky, bright-eyed widow who lives in a lovely big house directly opposite what used to be the site's main entrance. She moved to the village of Pilton in 1981. since then, she claims, she's seen the festival grow from "a quasi-hippy freak-out with which one actually had rather a lot of sympathy" to a "gigantic monster juggernaut" where kids are force-fed-support-the-miners-strike get-rid-of-Mrs-Thatcher-propoganda" and drugs.

"This is called 'drug alley'," claims Anne, pointing to the site entrance opposite her house. "You start there with black-rock and then you go onto speed and then LSD as you go down the lane. And then it's the heroin, the heavy boys, you know –



PORTALOO

THEY AWAIT THE ARRIVAL OF THE GREAT UNWASHED

Goode rockin' tonite! Not! Local opposition leader Mrs Anne Goode and the 60ft cross she assembled herself from two telegraph poles and a length of baling wire (Probably).

balaclavas, knives, really heavy guys. You are already very tired, you are dislocated and the whole thing is geared to – *anarchy*. and if you add to that the very loud pop music then you're going to get a pretty heavy scene. I think this has all the potential for corruption of young people. I don't think the kids have a chance. If you add to that the occult scene into which people get drawn without realising it . . . "

And the pop music is that evil?

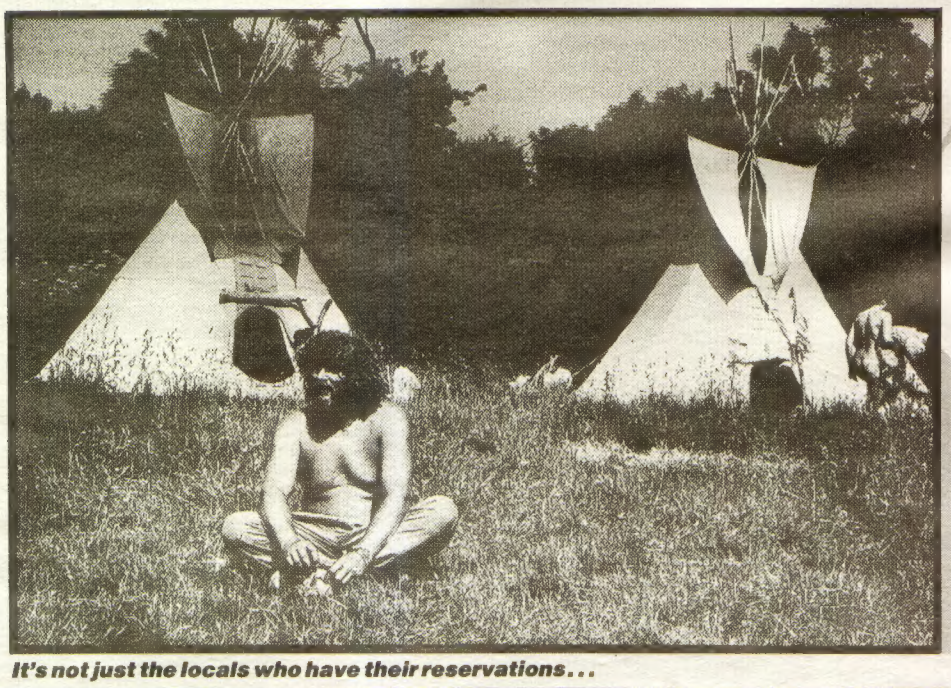
"Um, who's the group – Axl Rose. Guns and Roses! Now Axl Rose sets out to produce violence. He said this, I mean this is the point of his thing. He has said himself that a lot of it is rooted in the abuse which he himself suffered as a child and this is all carried forward and is pumped out in a dynamic way in his music. He's a very , very powerful character. He has actually said, it's on record, that at his concerts people have died, it's certainly caused tremendous violence. If you have that kind of thing combined with dislocation from background, easy accessibility to drugs, combined with the Glastonbury thing of spirituality, and people are freaked out – a lot of them are fraked out or spaced out or whatever the phrase is – I don't think you have to look too deeply into that, it's just common sense."

Guns N' roses are not on the bill at Glastonbury but, warns Anne, parents should still be on the look out for the tell-tale signs – "depression, suicidal feelings, compulsions and addiction to drugs and alcohol" – that their kids have been Axled.

Rule Three: Don't buy "black rock" from long haired dudes in balaclavas, bandanas and spandex shorts. They're wrong 'uns.

But, I tell her, I met this doctor bloke in a pub in Pilton and he told me that you see *less* injuries from drugs and aggro at the festival (population 75,000) than you do in an average Saturday night working in the casualty ward in nearby Shepton Mallet (population 10,000).

"Ah, but," says Anne, "the doctors are *friends* of Michael Eavis."



It's not just the locals who have their reservations . . .

There we were, having a quiet pint in an idyllic country pub but a mile down the road from the festival site when BAM!, the place was invaded by dozens of nurses, St John's Ambulance dudes and doctors – many of them blatantly smoking the killer drug tobacco and all of them desperate to score the "beer" to which they are all probably horribly addicted.

Practising GP Van Morrison and Saw Doctors fan, Chris, tells me that there will be 40 doctors (including a couple of psychiatrists), 60 nurses and 60 ambulance staff on site at the festival, although not all at the same time. What a lot of friends Michael Eavis has got.

Most of the injuries they'll have to deal with will be weather related – sun-burn if it stays sunny and trench-foot (a World War One malady caused by walking around in mud and not changing your socks – take heed you crusty vermin) if it pisses down. But the big problem, says Chris, is WAX FLARES.

Rule Four: Wax Flares are banned at Glastonbury. Don't buy them if you see them. They can give nasty burns. And they look really naff. If somebody offers you a wax flare – JUST SAY NO!

For those who regard "Western Science" as a tool of the oligarchic patriarchy, there will be homeopathic, herbal and other alternative medicines available, but, says Chris, there's no animosity between the groups.

"In fact, they'll direct someone to us if they think they can't handle it."

Also on site are The Samaritans. Sian Walters is one of 35 volunteers who will be dealing with folk whose problems range from having had their tent nicked to serious depression. She reckons that the round-the-clock Samaritans tent operates pretty much like a normal Samaritans branch and they *don't* expect to be flooded out with thousands of kids driven doo-lally by a heady mixture of LSD, loud pop music and satanism.

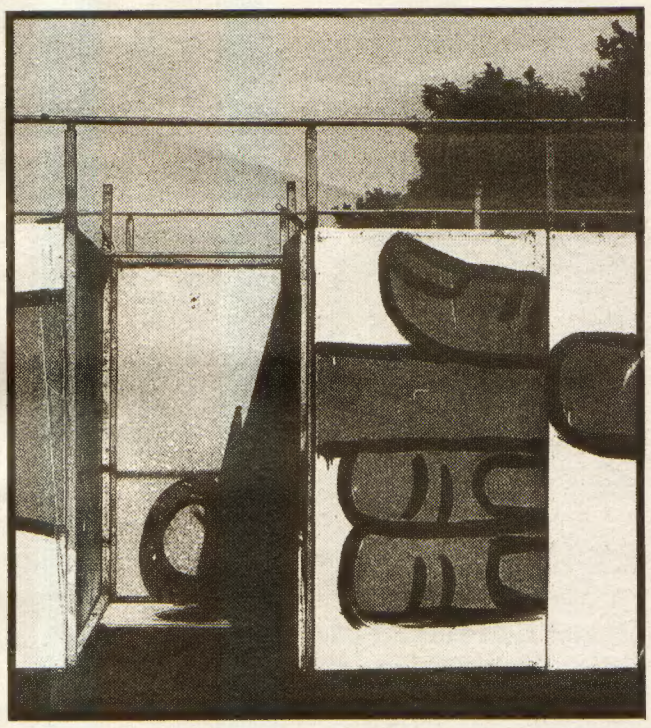
"I think that most people are surprised that we're just ordinary people – that you don't have to have a degree and be 55 and be a company director to be a Samaritan."

But will the non-appearance of miserable Morrissey on this year's bill mean a sharp upturn in the number of punters contemplating suicide?

"Erm, I don't know," says Sian, sounding genuinely perturbed, "I'm not really familiar with Morrissey. Why, what's he like?"

Come evening time and Michael Eavis is scrubbed and powdered but – occupational hazard of occupational hazard – he still smells slightly of cow. Whilst various long-haired folk tootle around on strange three-wheeled vehicles outside, Michael takes off his constantly squawking walkie-talkie and invites us into the ancient stone farmhouse.

Glastonbury started in 1970



At last . . . Swells finds his spiritual home

because Michael, reared on a diet of pacifism, found that the idea of his Quaker, Methodist and generally shit-stirring nob-bashing non-conformist commie-Christian fore-fathers fitted rather neatly with the prevailing mood of love and let-it-all-hang-out-libertarianism.

"We were into all those idealistic things, the Dylan and all the anti-Vietnam War thing and all that. It all fitted so well I couldn't believe it. So I got on the phone, got a ropey old stage and got on with it. Those first calls got Marc Bolan, who was quite a catch really. The first one, it only cost a pound to get in, plus all the free milk you could drink. And then it suddenly just went berserk, everybody started hearing about it. The only free festival we've ever had was paid for by rich debutantes in 1971; basically, we had ten years of losing a lot of money, the farm more or less subsidising the festival."

Michael is adamant that he is *not* the archetypal idealistic '60s hippy gone sour, cynical and Thatcherite.

"Oh Christ no! *Gone Thatcherite*? What do you *mean*? Look, it costs three million to put on, including police, rental of land, legal costs etc. There's no way we could run this thing for less than we charge, there's no way we could do it. I've talked to other promoters and they wouldn't touch it with a barge pole, it's so expensive."

So why does he carry on year after year?

"Jean, my wife, thinks the hassle isn't worth it. We were lying in bed last night and she said – 'I don't think it's worth it anymore, it disturbs our lives too much' – I'm 57 and Jean thinks we just ought to hold back and just have a quiet life and take it easy. But I'm still excited about it. We generate a lot of money for Greenpeace, CND – it's going to Greenpeace this year, the village gets about £75,000 – all the local charities do. There's probably a buzz from raising money for causes you believe in. Oh God, I don't want to sound pious, it sounds a bit priggish doesn't it?

"Can you imagine in the middle of a really safe Conservative seat, getting permission to put on the biggest and most radical festival in Europe? It's amazing isn't it? People who live in the village, like Fay Weldon, go to court for us and give evidence and say how wonderful it is. People like Anne Goode are out on a limb really. they don't represent the village."

But Anne had told me that the "original hippies" are on *her side*. She talked about one ferocious row which took place in her kitchen where "a rock band" accused Michael of selling out the dream . . .

"Oh, that was just some really dreadful born-again hippy! Hippies that become Christian, they get totally converted and they go all blasé about Jesus, amen and all this nonsense. There aren't very many of them but I know two or three born-again hippies and they're dreadful and they look really weird.

"The trouble with Anne is that she doesn't tell the truth. She gets ever so hysterical then she sends me little notes that say 'love Anne' and all that. We do get on well, believe it or not. She tried to convert me once. She rang up and said she had a vicar there that she wanted me to meet. So we went up and met this bloke and he had a go at us but – no chance!"

Is Michael Eavis a New Age guru? A shaman? A tool of the Dev?

"To be honest, I'm not bothered about all that, I just like the fun and the romance and the beauty. Why do people come here? It's three days of fun in beautiful countryside. It's *such good fun*. I mean it's absolute bliss. We don't get involved in drugs ourselves, so in that sense we're fairly straight and conventional. Oh God, why did I say that? No, but for the vast majority of people who come here the mysticism doesn't mean anything at all. Does it mean anything to you? It's fun is all.

The stone circle – for some reason I'm very pleased about the stone circle, I don't know why. I said – 'Well, let's get some decent stones if we're going to do it, not sort of muck around with pebbles from the beach. Let's go to the quarry and get something that's really decent'. I'm thrilled to bits with it. I get up in the morning to get the cows in at about a quarter to five and I go up to the stones and see where the sun's up to and to see whether it's really in the right place . . . "

But – I hear you cry – what about the cows, man? Well, for the duration of the festival they're locked away in their winter quarters.

"Actually," says Michael, "a lot of people just go along and stare at the cows and the cows stare back. I think cows have a calming effect on people."

And from a veg-nazi point of view, what exactly happens to the cows when they've stopped giving milk?

"They go back in the food chain."

Back in the pub, I ask the barman what he thinks of the Glastonbury Festival.

"Most people I've spoken to in the village hate it. Now 99 per cent of the people who come are alright. It's the one per cent who come and go to the loo in your garden that get remembered. I'm looking forward to it myself."

So – OI! You one per cent BASTARDS! We know where you are and we know where you live. So BEHAVE! Otherwise the entire population of the village of Pilton (including popular novelist Fay Weldon) is going to come to YOUR house and go to the loo in YOUR garden. So think on. Scum.

24-INCH PARTY PEOPLE

Back for old TV Times' sake (l to r): Smith, Verlaine, Lloyd and Ficca

● Beyond the crusties and the ravers, Glast's biggest thrill may well be the return of TELEVISION, *genuinely* seminal New York art-punkers whose debut LP, 'Marquee Moon', has justly gone down as one of the all-time greats. Now back together and recording, 14 years down the line, DAVID SWIFT extracts a few words from giggling genius TOM VERLAINE

The biggest news is in smaller print on this year's Glastonbury bill. Slotted alongside old sensations and new phenomenons is a *bona fide* legend: Television, playing their first show for 14 years.

Long-time readers will know the name, but, for those who do not: this dazzling group represented the cool school of the flowering New York rock'n'roll scene of the mid-'70s. Hip citizens could catch them and their emerging contemporaries in scuzzy clubs like CBGB's, Max's Kansas City and My Father's Place. Television, Blondie, Talking Heads, Patti Smith, Richard Hell (ex-TV) And The Voidoids, The Heartbreakers, Suicide, The Ramones . . . an extended family of inspired outcasts, oddballs and art students, reclaiming the night from the hated boogie men. Long before Television were signed, David Bowie was raving about them and Lou Reed was taping their gigs.

Television's debut LP, 'Marquee Moon', arrived by February 1977, after time lost label-shopping and on false starts. By then, three chords were poised to take over the world, yet these guys unashamedly offered TWO guitars soloing and a title cut more than ten minutes long.

NME's Nick Kent reviewed the disc as "a 24-carat work of pure genius. Television are a band in a million, the songs are some of the greatest ever." As usual, he was right.

In 1992, we can all dish up retrospective praise, but old Nick's pronouncement was some foresight considering the major names since who have paid tribute to Television. Step up U2, REM, The Smiths, The Cure, Echo And The Bunnymen, Lloyd Cole, The Fall and Hüsker Dü, to name a few. Primal Scream and Teenage Fanclub lead the new-school devotees, while a list of the indie-level TV doppelgangers of the last decade would fill this page.

Fifteen years ago, their impact on amphetamined inkslingers was remarkable, especially as the six-minute musicianship and compositional talents of Tom Verlaine (guitar/vocals), Richard Lloyd (guitar), Fred Smith (bass) and Billy Ficca (drums) were so out of time. The Damned were so aghast at the tidal wave of approval for such political incorrectness in 1977 that they offered a recorded gob – 'Idiot Box'.

'Marquee Moon' not only blew away reviewers worldwide, it saw off the debuts by the Sex Pistols and The Clash to sweep most critics' polls at year-end. Nowadays it's a regular in the 20 Greatest Albums Of All Time lists, a desert island disc for hipsters. Stay tuned as to why.

After unsuccessful tours, management wrangles and an undeserved half-hearted welcome for the accomplished follow-up, 'Adventure' (we build 'em up, we knock 'em down), Television split amicably in August, 1978, on a full-moon night. In their farewell statement, they said Moby Grape, casualties of the Haight-Ashbury scene, broke up in similar astrological circumstances, "so we wanted to too".

Now they return with the Glastonbury date, an LP for September/October release and a mini-tour to promote it. The reformation was agreed early last year because, Verlaine says, "we thought it might be fun".

"Glastonbury will be a hilarious way of coming back. How can anybody take a band seriously that hasn't played for 14 years and is going to do a festival without a soundcheck." – Tom Verlaine

EITHER TOM Verlaine's stage persona – icy and aloof – and his after-hours personality are genuinely miles apart, or he has the worst case of studio tan in history. Whatever the reason, he is on the line from a mixing suite in New York, finishing off the most unexpected LP of the year, and he can't stop chuckling.

Thrown a couple of lobs about how the reformation could be brave or dumb, he creases up: "Myself, I usually just try to make the worst record I can. This time, we've got four guys trying to make the worst record we can. Ha ha ha!"

Well, you've made a pretty crap job of that throughout your career, then.

"Ha ha ha! Yeah, sure! Heh heh heh!"

So have you approached this project any differently to your solo works?

"I dunno, it's all two guitars, bass and drums to me, ha ha ha ha ha!"

How would you describe Television to anyone going to Glastonbury who knows nothing about you?

"A semi-twangy two-guitars, bass and drums group. Heheheheh! SERIOUSLY!"

He tones it down when asked about the original split, pleading "let's get more modern". He professes no interest in recalling New York days (he hasn't seen old flame and spiritual ally Patti Smith in 12 years) and, when asked if he feels that Television in 1992 are under any pressure to deliver the goods or risk staining the name, states flatly: "No."

"There's nothing you can do about people's expectations. There's no telling what people will think and I can't say I care a lot. I hope we do well, of course, but a lot of what people think is pretty predictable. A lot of it is in journalists' and audiences' minds."

Of Glastonbury, he says: "Frankly, it will be a hilarious way of coming back. There's no soundchecks and it will be us just winging it to an enormous number of people. How can anybody take a band seriously that hasn't played for 14 years and is going to do a festival without a soundcheck?

"We haven't rehearsed for it yet. I think we are gonna rehearse for two or three days, go through everything we know and pick five to ten songs. Maybe a couple of old ones."

He affirms that the new EMI LP is in step with their recorded legacy and adds that the ten cuts are "all singles. Of the pile of songs I had hanging around, the ones that ended up on it are more upbeat."

He is not just a prolific writer, his craftsmanship is esteemed ("I spend more time writing the words than anything else"). And there are no bets on the duelling between he and Lloyd – no unit has come close, before or since – not being up to scratch. OK, he doesn't care for any new fuss, but take as read a desire to maintain integrity. He describes their renewed partnership as "just bashing out something that sounds really good".

Since 1978, Lloyd has recorded a couple of LPs of his own and done irregular session work; Smith has been sighted in Verlaine's occasional touring outfit; and Ficca, an incredible player, has sat in on many minor projects. Verlaine's fistful of solo outings have ranged from the good to two genuine nine-out-of-tens – 'Tom Verlaine' (1979) and 'Flashlight' (1987).

He seems to hold no particular ambition for Television Mk II beyond job satisfaction. If the forthcoming LP does well they may do another. "Or next year we may decide it's not fun anymore."

When asked where the reactivated foursome could go from here, he deadpans: "Ceylon . . . I've always wanted to visit it." When told he may have a little trouble finding that on the map these days, he's off and giggling again.

By now, my fears of being inadequately informed about Rimbaud, Baudelaire, Sun Ra and John Coltrane have evaporated. Perhaps we are both victims of his press. His only comment on the oft-reported influences of his youth, some of which he now denies, is: "There are people I like, but I can't sit around and play a Coltrane record for 20 years . . ."

ONE RECORD I will definitely still be playing in 20 years is 'Marquee Moon'. Verlaine's only dissatisfaction with this masterpiece – the word is in its natural habitat here – is that they have yet to collect a cent, despite the chart success and international reissue on CD six years ago.

"Y'know, outside of when we first signed for Elektra, we have never seen a cheque for that record. You might wanna print that 'cos people don't believe it, but it's true. Sooner or later, maybe something will occur."

The cover of 'Marquee Moon' – a wiry quartet as doped-looking mannequins, faces bleached – won't stun you, but the contents will.

This was the ultimate garage band with brains, caught at their peak. It was recorded with no public groundswell of expectation and released to international acclaim, which explains why most landmark LPs are debuts: comparatively minimal pressure.

On all eight tracks, their love for the fist-in-the-face rush of '60s punkers like the 13th Floor Elevators and The Seeds is allied to a righteous self-belief in, and passion for, individual expressionism.

Ficca displays his jazz-prodigy ability to trip the light fantastic around the kit. He's less on a backbeat than in the forefront, propelling and punctuating the whole shebang. 'Marquee Moon' would be a drumming textbook, were most of his flourishs learnable.

Smith's bass contribution is as essential: he sturdily covers the waterfront while the others flash their licks and tricks, but without him there is no combustion.

It's from the twelve strings of Verlaine and Lloyd that the sparks fly highest. The guitars tango in sync, war between or during the verses and cut loose with alternate solos, coiling and striking at will. Don't under-estimate the improvisational element.

IT IS unlikely, but Television could come back from the dead only to injure the name. But, like the man says, so what? Nothing can dissolve the joy of switching on 'Marquee Moon' for the first time, then never tiring of the repeats.

Cathode to joy: Tom 'Hahahahaha' Verlaine

REVISION ON

Some things you didn't know about Television

- **Their first single, 'Little Johnny Jewel', was recorded on a four-track tape.**
- **Jealous contemporaries referred to them as 'The Grateful Dead Of Punk' because of their three-hour shows and penchant for guitar solos.**
- **Tom Verlaine's real surname was Miller; he took his new handle from the French Symbolist poet.**
- **On their first UK tour, in 1977, they supported Blondie.**
- **Amongst those who've covered Television songs are Lloyd Cole ('Glory'), REM ('Marquee Moon', among others) and, erm, Birdland ('See No Evil').**
- **Tom Verlaine is not the greatest judge of work. He turned down the chance to produce Morrissey and The Teardrop Explodes, but did 'twiddle the knobs' for Friends Again (good band actually), Del Amitri and The Room.**
- **The Family Cat have named a song after the great man Verlaine.**
- **Verlaine and early Television member Richard Hell were previously in a group together, called Goo Goo.**
- **Alan McGee's first major label tie-up went under the name Elevation, named after the TV song.**
- **The photograph on the inner sleeve of 'Marquee Moon' was taken by legendary New York art lensman Robert Mappiethorpe.**
- **Brian Eno produced demos of the band before 'Little Johnny Jewel' was recorded; they were promptly turned down by Island.**